

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK
VOL. II

GEORGE BELL & SONS

LONDON: YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

NEW YORK: 66, FIFTH AVENUE, AND

BOMBAY: 53, ESPLANADE ROAD

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
ROBERT HERRICK

EDITED BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY

IN TWO VOLUMES



VOL. II

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
1900.

**First issue of this Edition, 1893.
Reprinted 1900.**

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HESPERIDES.

HESPERIDES.

619. A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE,¹ NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the Larke, most comely Bride, and
meet

Your eager Bridegroom with *auspicious* feet.
The Morn's farre spent; and the immortall
Sunne

Corrols² his cheeke, to see those Rites not
done.

Fie, Lovely maid! Indeed you are too slow,
When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not
go.

Dispatch your dressing then; and quickly
wed:

Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed.
This day is Lovē's day; and this busie night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,
As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The Field is pitch't; but such must be your
warres,

As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not
die.

¹ Rather Leigh, of the Leighs of Stoneleigh, still
extant.

² "Corals," i.e. "blushes."

620. THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

1. HER Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
The Shooting Starres attend thee;
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
2. No *Will-o'-th'-Wisp*e mis-light thee;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.
3. Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the Moon do's slumber?
The Starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers cleare without number.
4. Then *Julia* let me wooe'thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'le poure into thee.

621. TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

1. GIVE me wine, and give me meate,
To create in me a heate,
That my pulses high may beate.
2. Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble Verse beget;
But your Boules with Sack repeat.

3. Give me these (my Knight) and try
In a Minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and Prophesie.

4. Then if any Peece proves new,
And rare, Ile say (my dearest Crew)
It was full enspir'd by you:

622. GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast:
The happy fortune will not alwayes last.

623. A KISSE.

WHAT is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve;
The sure sweet Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

624. GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste, to have my Numbers read:
Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.

625. POETS.

WANTONS we are; and though our words be
such,
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

626. NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living; not the dead:
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

627. TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye (my poor Orphans) do
 When I must leave the World (and you)
 Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,
 Or credit ye, when I am dead?
 Who'l let ye by their fire sit?
 Although ye have a stock of wit,
 Already coin'd to pay for it.
 I cannot tell; unlesse there be
 Some Race of old humanitie
 Left (of the large heart, and long hand)
 Alive, as Noble *Westmorland*; ¹
 Or gallant *Newark*, which brave two
 May fost'ring fathers be to you.
 If not; expect to be no less
 Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

628. HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws
 neere,
 That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop
 here.
 Cut off thy haire; and let thy Teares be shed
 Over my Turfe, when I am buried.
 Then for *effusions*, let none wanting be,
 Or other Rites that doe belong to me;
 As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go
 hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

¹ Westmoreland has been often referred to. "Gallant Newark" may have been either Robert Pierrepont the first, or Henry Pierrepont the second holder of this title, to which were successively added

HESPERIDES.

629. UPON LOVE.

IN a Dreame, Love had me go
To the Gallies there to Rowe;
In the Vision, I askt why?
Love, as briefly did reply;
'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from Love, from trouble free.
*Noſe pities him that's in the ſnare,
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

630. THE COBLERS CATCH.

COME ſit we by the fires ſide;
And roundly drinke we here;
Till that we ſee our cheekes Ale-dy'd
And noſes tann'd with Beere.

631. UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth laſt night? the neighbours ſay,
That *Bran* the Baker did his Breech bewray:
I rather thinke (though they may ſpeake the
worſt)
'Twas to his Batch, but Leaven laid there firſt.

the Earldom of Kingſton, the Marquiſate of Dorcheſter, the Dukedom of Kingſton, and the producing
of Lady Mary Montagu.

632. UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i' th' hundred calls his wife; and
why?

Shee brings in much, by carnall usury.

He by extortion brings in three times more:

Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore?

633. UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the
Poore

He gives an almes, and chides them from his
doore.

634. CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES
AT WEDDINGS.*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

1. FROM the Temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come!
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

Chorus Juvenum.

2. Happy day
Make no long stay
Here
In thy Sphere;
But give thy place to night,
That she,
As Thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care

To see the Younglings wed;
 'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,
 Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

Chorus Senum.

3. Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
 So as to rise still with an appetite.
 Love is a thing most nice; and must be
 fed
 To such a height; but never surfeited.
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
 'Tis best to feed Love; but not over-fill:
 Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure;
 And this remember, *Vertue keepes the measure.*

Chorus Virginum.

4. Luckie signes we have descri'd
 To encourage on the Bride;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing *Cupid* flies
 Here about, but has his eyes,
 To imply your Love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

5. Here we present a fleece
 To make a peece
 Of cloth;
 Nor, Faire, must you be loth
 Your Finger to apply
 To huswiferie.
 Then, then begin
 To spin:
 And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will
 come
 Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull
 Thumb.

Chorus Matronarum.

6. Set you to your Wheels, and wax
 Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax.
 Yarne is an Income; and the Huswiye's thread
 The Larder fills with meat; the Bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

7. Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
 And not by any sordid shift:
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste:
 Extreames have still their fault;
The softest Fire makes the sweetest Maült.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

8. Goddesses of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,
 Give them the blessing of encrease:
 And thou *Lucina*, that do'st heare
 The vowes of those, that children beare:
 Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,
 Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

9. Farre hence be all speech, that may anger
 move:
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.

Chorus omnium.

10. Live in the Love of Doves, and having told
 The Raven's yeares, go hence more Ripe
 then old.

635. TO HIS LOVALY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come
 And bring those *dew-drink-offerings* to my Tomb.
 When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,
 And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice:
 Though paleness be the Livery^a that I weare,
 Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.
 Trust me, I will not hurt ye; or once shew
 The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you:
 Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.
 This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,
 Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye:
 Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost
 The world so soon, and in it, you the most.
 Then these, no feares more on your Fancies
 fall,
 Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

636. UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL Violl *Cupid* brought,
 Which had a juice in it:
 Of which who drank, he said no thought
 Of Love he sho'd admit.

2. I greedy of the prize, did drinke,
 And emptied soon the glasse;
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
 The fire of hell it was.
3. Give me my earthen Cups again,
 The Christall I contemne;
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

4. And thou, O *Cupid*! come not to
 My Threshold, since I see,
 For all I have, or else can do,
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

637. UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE *Gander* did his prettie Youngling wed;
Gander (they say) doth each night pisse a-Bed:
 What is the cause? Why *Gander* will reply,
No Goose lays good eggs that is trodden drye.

638. UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

Lungs (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eate,
 But that his breath do's Fly-blow all the meate.

639. THE BEGGAR TO MAB, 'THE FAIRIE
 QUEEN.

PLEASE your Grace, from out your Store,
 Give an Almes to one that's poore,
 That your mickle, may have more.
 Black I'm grown for want of meat;
 Give me then an Ant to eate;
 Or the cleft eare of a Mouse
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce:
 Or, *sweet Lady*, reach to me
 The *Abdomen* of a Bee;
 Or commend a *Cricket's-hip*,
 Or his *Huckson*,¹ to my Scrip.
 Give me for bread, a little bit

¹ "Knuckle," but some say "hip."

Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,¹
 And my full thanks take for it.
 Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good
 For a man in needy-hood :
 But the Meal of Mill-dust can
 Well content a craving man.
 Any Orts the Elves refuse
 Well will serve the Beggars use.
 But if this may seem too much
 For an Almes; then give me such
 Little bits, that nestle there
 In the Pris'ners *Panier*.
 So a blessing light upon
 You, and mighty *Oberon* :
 That your plenty last till when,
 I return your Almes agen.

640. AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may ;
 All things have an ending day :
 And when once the Work is done ;
Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.

641. UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty Baby lies
 Sung asleep with Lullabies :
 Pray be silent, and not stirre
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

642. PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny
 Colours, let Art supply.

¹ Chit, or "chip," a gardener's word for sprouting.

643. FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE
SPRING.

FLED are the Frosts, and now the Fields
 appeare
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty
 Spring
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every
 Tree
 Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.
 The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings
 With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.
 What gentle Winds perspire? As if here
 Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*
 To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their
 distresse,
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth
 tear
 A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing
 there)
 But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of
 Trees:
 So when this War (which tempest-like doth
 spoil
 Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and
 Oile)
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils
 cease,
 Bring in her Bill, once more, the *Branch of*
 Peace.

644. THE HAG.

- 1 THE Hag is astride,
This night for to ride;
The Dévill and shee together :
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.
2. A Thorn or a Burr
She takes for a Spurre :
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,
Through Brakes and through Bryars,
O're Ditches and Mires,
She follows the Spirit that guides now.
3. No Beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood ;
But husht in his laire he lies lurking :
While mischiefs, by these,
On Land and on Seas,
At noone of Night are a-working.
4. The storme will arise,
And trouble the skies ;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the Tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

645. UPON AN OLD MAN A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD Sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie (bating but one year,

And thrice three weeks) he lived here.
 Whom gentle fate translated hence
 To a more happy Residence.
 Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this
 (Which from his ghost a promise is)
 If here ye will some few teares shed,
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

646. UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners
 brine,
 Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

647. PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men ; but these
 Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

648. THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR *Household-gods* our Parents be ;
 And manners good requires, that we
 The first-Fruits give to them, who gave
 Us hands to get what here we have.

649. UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,
 His thumb-nailcs-par'd, afford him sperrables.¹

¹ Said to be "sparrowbill," a small shoemaker's nail.

650. UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND Teeth has *Lucie*, pure as Pearl, and
small,
 With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

651. UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his Breeches loath
 His dampish Buttocks furthermore to cloath:
 Cloy'd they are up with Arse; but hope, one
blast
 Will whirle about, and blow them thence at
 last.

652. TO SILVIA.

I AM holy, while I stand
 Circum-crost by thy pure hand:
 But when that is gone; Again,
 I, as others, am *Prophane*.

653. TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe Hence, ye *Closet-Gods*, I feare
 Never againe to have ingression here:
 Where I have had, what ever things co'd be
 Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.
 Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none
 Co'd read the Intext but my selfe alone.
 About the Cover of this Book there went
 A curious-comely clean *Compartment*:¹.

¹ *Compartment* is perhaps the most ingenious instance of Herrick's fancy for diminutives.

And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
 A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet :
 But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,
 Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !
 Keep here still, *Closet-Gods*, 'fore whom I've set
 Oblations oft. of sweetest *Marmelade*.¹

654. A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty Bowle
 Up to the brim :
 That I may drink
 Unto my *Johnson's soule*.

2. Crowne it agen agen ;
 And thrice repeat
That happy heat ;
 To drink to Thee my *Ben*.

3. Well I can quaffe, I see,
 To th' number five,
 Or nine ; but thrive
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

655. LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;
None loseth that, which he in time may get.

656. TO YOUTH.

DRINK Wine, and live here blithesfull, while ye
 may :
The morrowe's life too late is, Live to-day.

¹ " Marmalade."

657. NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place from
whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

658. A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O! you the Virgins nine!
That doe our soules encline
To noble Discipline!
Nbd to this vow of mine:
Come then, and now enspire
My violl and my lyre
With your eternall fire:
And make me one entire
Composer in your Quire.
Then I'le your Altars strew
With Roses sweet and new;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

659. ON HIMSELFE.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:
Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and
Showers;
No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and
wreaths of Flowers:
Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of *Cupid*, and his wittie coozning:
Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

660. UPON JONE AND JANE.

JONE is a wench that's painted ;
Jone is a Girle that's tainted ;
 Yet *Jone* she goes
 Like one of those
 Whom purity had Sainted.

Jane is a Girle that's prittie ;
Jane is a wench that's wittie ;
 Yet, who wo'd think,
 Her breath do's stinke,
 As so it doth ? that's pittie.

661. TO MOMUS.

Who read'st this Book that I have writ,
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it :
 By all the muses ! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

662. AMBITION.

In waves to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all Ambition is.

663. THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED
M. END. PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-
CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET Country life, to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others', not their own !
 But serving Courts, and Cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never Plow'st the Ocean's foame

To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
 Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
 Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.
 No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
 Flies no thought higher then a fleece :
 Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere
 All scores ; and so to end the yere :
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others larger grounds :
 For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent*
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the Cock (the Plow-man's Horne)
 Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne ;
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
 Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,
 That the best compost for the Lands
 Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.
 There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,
 With a Hind whistling there to them :
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how
 The Kingdoms portion is *the Plow.*
 This done, then to th' enameld Meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present God-like Power
 Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,
 Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
 Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,
 The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere
 To make a pleasing pastime there.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)
 And find'st their bellies there as full

Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.
 And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)
 A Shepherd piping on a hill.
 For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,
 Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes:
 On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet:
 Tripping the comely country Round,
 With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.
 Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't:
 Thy Morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
 Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.
 Thy Harvest home; thy Wassaile bowle,
 That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.
 Thy Mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide Kings
 And Queenes; thy Christmas revellings:
 Thy Nut-browne mirth; thy Russet wit;
 And no man payes too deare for it.
 To these, thou hast thy times to goe
 And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow:
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The Larke into the Trauimell net:
 Thou hast thy Cockrood,¹ and thy Glade
 To take the precious Phesant made:
 Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.
 O happy life! if that their good
 The Husbandmen but understood!
 Who all the day themselves doe please,
 And Younglings, with such sports as these.
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cetera desunt ———

¹ A path made for snaring woodcock; "glade," a larger ride, across which nets were hung for game generally.

· 664. TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kisse ;
 I dare not beg a smile ;
 Lest having that, or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

2. No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desire, shall be
 Onely to kisse that Aire,
 That lately kissed thee.

665. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR
 BARTLY.

WHEN after many Lusters thou shalt be
 Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie :
 When of thy ragg'd *Escutcheons* shall be seene
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been :
 Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames
 best trust,
 Here with the Generation of my Just.

666. WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE
 WOULD HAVE.

BE the Mistresse of my choice,
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :
 Be she witty, more then wise ;
 Pure enough, though not Precise :
 Be she shewing in her dresse,
 Like a civill Wilderness ;
 That the curious may detect
 Order in a sweet neglect :

Be she rowling in her eye,
 Tempting all the passers by :
 And each Ringlet of her haire,
 An Enchantment, or a Snare,
 For to catch the Lookers on ;
 But her self held fast by none.
 Let her *Lucrece* all day be,
Thais in the night, to me.
 Be she such, as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

667. UPON ZELOT.

Is *Zelot* pure? he is : ye see he weares
 The signe of *Circumcision* in his eares.

668. THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,
 Be't for my *Bridall*, or my *Buriall*.

669. UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

FOR ropes of pearle, first Madam *Vrsly* shewes
 A chaine of Cornes, pickt from her cares and
 toes :
 Then, next, to match *Tradescant's* curious shels,
 Nailes from her fingers mew'd, she shewes :
 what els ?
 Why then (forsooth) a Carcanet is shown
 Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

670. UPON CRAB. EPIG.

CRAB faces gownes with sundry Furses; 'tis
known,
He keeps the Fox-furze for to face his own.

671. A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE
TO HIS FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
Not knowing This, that *Jove* decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce¹ mans miseries?
No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
Without extortion, from thy soyle:
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,
Although with some, yet little paine:
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
With feares, and cares uncumberèd:
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a Bride.
This is to live, and to endeeze
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,
(As is that ayre that circles thee)
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut² thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
No sound recalls the houres once fled,

* It is rather a pity that this equivalent of *adoucir* was not taken up.

¹ "Swell."

Or Roses, being witherèd :
 Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost,
 Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.
 Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
 And turn the iron Age to Gold.
 Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,
 And thus lesse last, then live our Day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last :
Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,
But for to live that half seven well :
 And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the Urn, " "
 From whence there's never a return.

672. ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,
 Once past and gone, no more shall see.

673. LOVE.

THIS Axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.

674. TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE
POEM.¹

OR lookt I back unto the Times hence flown
 To praise those Muses, and dislike our own ?
 Or did I walk those *Pean*²-Gardens through,
 To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ?

¹ The "prospective poem" is the well-known
 "Cooper's Hill."

² *Pean* or *Piran* "of Apollo."

I might (and justly) be reputed (here)
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.
 But by *Apollo* ! as I worship wit,
 (Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it :)
 So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well
 In our high art, although we can't excell,
 Like thee ; or dare the Buskins to unloose
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet *Maronian* Musc.
 But since I'm cal'd (rare *Denham*) to be gone,
 Take from thy *Herrick* this conclusion :
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be
 Crown'd Poets ; yet live Princes under thee :
 The while their wreaths and Purple Robes do
 shine,
 Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of
 thine.

675. A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
 To worship ye, the *Lares*,
 With crowns of greenest Parsley,
 And Garlick chives not scarcely :
 For favours here to warme me,
 And not by fire to harme me.
 For gladding so my hearth here,
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the Wassail Bowle here
 With *North-down* Ale doth trouble here,
 No sillable doth fall here,
 To marre the mirth at all here.
 For which, ô *Chimney-keepers* !
 (I dare not call ye Sweepers)
 So long as I am able
 To keep a countrey-table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,
 I'll eat and drink up all here.

676. DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING
TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne'er so goodly make it,
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

677. ADVERSITY.

*Love is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.*

678. TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins (smiling yet :)
Teare me to tatters ; yet I'll be
Patient in my necessitie.
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me, as a fear'd infection :
Yet scarre-crow-like I'll walk, as one,
Neglecting thy derision.

679. TO ANTHEA.

COME, *Anthea*, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is :
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin (half the day :)
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take :
In which bondage we will lie,
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

680. CRUELITIES.

NERO commanded ; but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

681. PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act? ne'er then give o're:
No man despaire to do what's done before.

682. UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the Children I have left;
Adopted some; none got by theft.
But all are toucht¹ (like lawfull plate)
And no Verse illegitimate.

683. DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by publike eyes;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

684. HEALTH:

HEALTH is no other (as the learned hold)
But a just measure of Heat and Cold.

¹ Touched with the "touchstone."

685. TO DIANE. A CEREMONIE IN
GLOUCESTER.

ILL to thee a Simnell¹ bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a *mothering*;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

686. TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way, now, now my *Charles*
shines here,
A Publike Light (in this immensivę Sphere,)
Some starres were fixt before; but these are
dim,
Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He
Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.
Where, if such glory flashes from His Name,
Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame!
Princes, and such like Publike Lights as these,
Must not be lookt on, but at distances :
For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.

687. THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE Rose was sick, and smiling di'd;
And (being to be sanctifi'd)

¹ The simnel-cake—an excellent one—is still made in the North about Mid-Lent. The Sunday of that name got the other title of "Mothering Sunday" from the occurrence in its Liturgy of the text "Jerusalem is the mother of us all," and the application first to the Church, second to actual "mothers," to whom their children in service, etc., were wont to pay visits at that time.

About the Bed, there sighing stood
 The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.
 Some hung the head, while some did bring
 (To wash her) water from the Spring.
 Some laïd her forth, while others wept,
 But all a solemne Fast there kept.
 The holy Sisters some among
 The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung.
 But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,
 As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
 At last, when prayers for the dead,
 And Rites were all accomplishèd ;
 They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Looime,
 And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

688. THE RAINBOW: OR, CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,
 And as they thus did entertaine
 The gentle Beams from *Julia's* sight
 To mine eyes level'd oppositè :
 O Thing admir'd ! there did appeare
 A curious Rainbow smiling there ;
 Which was the Covenant, that she
 No more wo'd drown mine eyes or me.

689. THE LAST STROKE STRIKE SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave
 past,
That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the
 last.

690. FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

691. STOOL-BALL.

1. AT Stool-ball,¹ *Lucia*, let us play,
For Sugar-cakes and Wine;
Or for a Tansie² let us pay,
The losse or thine, or mine.
2. If thou, my Deere, a winner be
At trundling of the Ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.
3. But if (my Sweetest) I shall get,
Then I desire but this;
That likewise I may pay the Bet,
And have for all a kisse.

692. TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time, and play,
Love, and live here while we may;
Drink rich wine; and make good cheere,
While we have our being here:
For, once dead, and laid i'th grave,
No return from thence we have.

¹ An early form of ball game, between cricket and rounders.

² A pancake flavoured with that plant.

693. ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault,
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

694. UPON TUCK. EPIG.

At Post and Paire, or Slam,¹ *Tom Tuck* would
play
This Christmas, but his want wherwith, sayes
Nay.

695. BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

696. THE MAY-POLE.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
I'll drink to the Garlands a-round it:
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the Bridall Bed,
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

¹ Both card games, the latter word ("slam") being still vernacularly kept for making every trick at whist.

697. MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of Gallants which approach
 To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;
 That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run
 Before thy swift Postilion :
 Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,
 Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,
 And shod with silver, prove to be
 The drawers of the *axeltree*.
 Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state
 Of *Persian* Loomes, and *antique* Plate :
 All these, and more, shall then afford
 No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

698. ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY hurts none, but onely such
 Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

699. WANT.

NEED is no vice at all ; though here it be,
 With men, a loathèd inconveniencie.

700. GRIEFE.

SORROWES divided amongst many, lesse
 Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

701. LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my *Julia's* lips, and in the kisse
 Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

702. NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

Nothing hard, or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

703. MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o're-
thrown.
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

704. UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

TRIGG having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

705. UPON SMEATON.

How co'd *Luke Smeaton* weare a shoe, or boot,
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot?

706. THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA.

I BEAKE thy Bracelet 'gainst my will;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposèd then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest *Silvia*, yet
• Was drunk to *Antonie*.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what
 Thou for the breach shalt do;
 First, crack the strings, and after that,
 Cleave thou my heart in two.

707. HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as *Cupid* danc't among
 The *Gods*, he down the Nectar flung;
 Which, on the white *Rose* being shed,
 Made it for ever after red.

708. KINGS.

MEN are not born Kings, but are men renown'd;
 Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are
 crown'd.

709. FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run
 To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

710. TEARES, AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life
 away,
 Thou'dst weep; but laugh, sho'd it not last a
 day.

711. GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is (*Tullie* sayes)
 Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with
 praise.

712. POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

713. LAXARE FIBULAM.

To loose the button, is no lesse,
Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

714. HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the
ground,
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune
crown'd.
O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O Place! O People! Manners! fram'd to please
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages!
I am a free-born *Roman*; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a Citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossess by thee!
For, rather then I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

715. NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day, that I
 Fitted am to prophesie :
 No, but when the Spirit fills
 The fantastick Pannicles :¹
 Full of fier ; then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the *Sybell's*, through the world.
 Look how next the holy fier
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;
 So the Fancie cooles, till when
 That brave Spirit comes agen.

716. POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs no pack like poverty.

717. A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF
NEATHERDS.

1. COME blithefull Neatherds, let us lay
 A wager, who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,
 That fits the businesse of the Day.

Chor. And *Lallage* the Judge shall be,
 To give the prize to thee, or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
 A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,

¹ Cells of the brain.

In every part alike compleat,
And wanton as a Kid as yet.

Chor. And *Lallage* (with cow-like eyes)
Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

1. Against thy Heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

2. The stakes are laid : let's now apply
Each one to make his melody :

Lal. The equall Umpire shall be I,
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate ; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.
[*He playes.*

1. That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :
Thou art a man of worthinesse :
But hark how I can now expresse
My love unto my Neatherdesse. [*He sings.*

Chor. A suger'd note ! and sound as sweet
As Kine, when they are at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy Heifer faire,
I'le strike thee such a nimble Ayre,
That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare ;
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deservèd best.

2. To get thy Steerling, once again,
 I'll play thee such another strain;
 That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's
 raigne
 Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne. [*He sings.*]

Chor. And *Lallage* shall tell by this,
 Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize: 2. The day is mine:
 1. Not so; my Pipe has silenc't thine:
 And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,
 They were mine own. *Lal.* In love com
 bine.

Chor. And lay we down our pipes together,¹
 As wearie, not o'recome by either.

718. TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends
 A Prince from Foes; but 'tis his Fort of
 Friends.

719. A PROGNOSTICK.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse
 Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse:
 Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show
 Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

720. UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get?
 Take it from my *Julia's* sweat:

¹ Some editors read "And lay ye down," which seems an unnecessary liberty.

Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike,
From her moysture take the like :
Let her breath, or let her blow,
'All rich spices thence will flow.

721. PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding 'Tides :
Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder Ocean :
And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back agen
Induc't that inadultrate same
Streame to the Spring from whence it came.
This with a wonder when ye do,
As easie, and els easier too :
Then may ye recollect the graines
Of my particular Remaines ;
After a thousand Lusters hurld,
By ruffling winds, about the world.

722. FAME.

*'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings
The order, but the Sum of things.*

723. BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OfT bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do,
What others can't with all their strength put to.

724. TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the Roofe, great *Genius*, and from
thence

Into this house powre downe thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by thy *Benizon*.

Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthening
bread

Be evermore these Bynr's replenished.

Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,
That luckie Fairies here may dance their
Round :

And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
The Masters charge and care to recompence.
Charme then the chambers; make the beds for
ease,

More then for peevish pining sicknesses.
Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-
proofe.

725. HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH Clock,
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none.

A Cock,
I have, to sing how day drawes on.

I have
A maid (my *Prow*) by good luck sent,
To save

That little, Fates me gave or lent.

A Hen
I keep, which creaking day by day,
Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay.

A Goose
 I have, which, with a jealous care,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
 A Lamb
 I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
 Whose Dam
 An Orphan left him (lately dead).
 A Cat
 I keep, that playes about my House,
 Grown fat,
 With eating many a miching¹ Mouse.
 To these
 A *Trasy*² I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rurall privacie:
 Which are
 But toyes, to give my heart some ease:
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

726. GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

IN all thy need, be thou possesst
 Still with a well-preparèd brest:
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
 Thou canst but have, what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine;
A sullen day will cleere againe.
 First, peales of Thunder we must heare,
 Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the care.

¹ Pilfering.

² His spaniel.—H.

727. MONEY MAKES THE MIETH.

WHEN all Birds els do of their musick faile,
Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale*.

728. UP TAILES ALL.¹

BEGIN with a kisse,
Go on too with this:
And thus, thus, thus let us smother
Our lips for a while,
But let's not beguile
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
Long enough has endur'd,
Since more and more is exacted;
For love he doth call
For his Uptailles all;
And that's the part to be acted.

729. UPON FRACK.

FRACK wo'd go scoure her teeth; and setting
to't
Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

730. UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

MY *Lucia* in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall

¹ A favourite tune.

Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
 I follow'd after to descrie
 Part of the nak't sincerity;
 But still the envious Scene between
 Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

731. CHARON AND PHYLOMEL,* A DIALOGUE
 SUNG.

Ph. CHARON! O gentle *Charon!* let me wooe
 thee,

By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.

Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I
 heare?

Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first
 draw neare.

Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,
 Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O *Charon*
 pittie me!

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
 My warbling note will say I'm *Phylomel*.

Ch. What's that to me, I waft nor fish or
 fowles,

Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane
 soules.

Ph. Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching
 note,

That made me thus hoist saile, and bring
 my Boat:

But Ile returne; what mischief brought
 thee hither?

Ph. A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe
 together.

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* 'That since she's
 now beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love
I pray thee.

Ch. Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules
pay me.

Ph. Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears
pay skores
For mending sails, for patching Boat and
Oares?

Ph. I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a
song.

Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we
make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian .
Lake,
Thou & I'le sing to make these dull Shades
merry,
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown
my ferry.

732. UPON PAUL. EPIG.

PAULS hands do give; what give they, bread or
meat,

Or money? no, but onely dew and sweat.

As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so

Pauls hands do give, nought else for ought we
know.

733. UPON SIBB. EPIG.

SIBB when she saw her face how hard it was,

For anger spat on thee her Looking-glasse:

But weep not, *Christall*; for the shame was
meant

Not unto thee, but That thou didst present.

734. A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN
OF JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

1. A LITTLE Saint best fits a little Shrine,
A little prop best fits a little Vine,
As my small Cruse best fits my little
Wine.
2. A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.
3. A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
A little Garland fits a little Head:
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.
4. A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.
5. A little streame bests fits a little Boat;
A little lead best fits a little Float;
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.
6. A little meat bests fits a little bellie,
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

735. UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

'THrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the
Stone

736. MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing, they are shie
But to desire what they denie.

737. THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE Gods require the thighs
Of Beeves for sacrifice ;
Which rosted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them :
Who though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

738. LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES Ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they
will.
They tread on clouds, and though they some-
times fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,
And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

739. TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF
THEY BE ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane
To be accounted inside cleane :
For if you cleave them, we shall see
There in your teeth much Leprosie.

740. IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O *JUPITER*, sho'd I speake ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will ;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

741. THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather Flowers *Sappha* went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her Lawnie Continent,
The treasure of the Spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young *Favonius*.

Her Apron gave (as she did passe)
An Odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of *Proserpine*.

742. THE CANDOR OF JULIAS TEETH.

WHITE as *Zenobia's* teeth, the which the Girles
Of Rome did weare for their most precious
Pearles.

743. UPON HER WEeping.

she wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
she seem'd to quench love's fires that there did
glow.

744. ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the River sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

745. DELAY.

BREAK off Delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by *Cunctation*.¹

746. TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.²

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made
thee here
The *Hector* over *Agèd Exeter*;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a *poore Lady* lost in Widdowhood:
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,
By those ignoble *Births* which shame the stem
That gave Progermination unto them:
Whose restlesse *Ghosts* shall heare their children
sing.
Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with
brasse,
Yet if thou wert not, *Berkley*, loyall prooffe,
The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,

¹ To wit, Fabius *Cunctator*, the conqueror, or at least checkmater, of Hannibal.

² Sir John Berkeley, a very valiant Cavalier, afterwards created Lord Berkeley of Stratton.

Leaving no shew, where stood the *Capitoll*.
But thou art just and itchlesse,¹ and dost please
Thy *Genius* with two strength'ning *Buttresses*,
Faith, and *Affection*: which will never slip
To weaken this thy great *Dictator-ship*.

747. TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOK'S FOR LOVE.

Love love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)
For prouder love will love repay:
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softnesse in others, will be kind;
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like, because I love.

748. REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatness? then go on,
Back-turning slackens Resolution.

749. CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that Discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

750. CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st, that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

¹ "Incorruptible."

751. LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,
 Rich or poore although it be ;
 'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,
 Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :
 Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin ;
 When I touch, I then begin
 For to let Affection in

Be she bald, or do's she we'rfe
 Locks incurld of other haire ;
 I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
 So my fancie be content,
 She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,
 Be she sluttish, be she cleane,
 I'm a man for ev'ry Seane.

752. OUR OWN SINNES' UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind ;
None sees the jardell of his faults behind.

753. NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

If little labour, little are our gaines :
 Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

754. UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH he packs up, and goes to sev'mall Faires,
 And weekly Markets for to sell his wares :

Meane time that he from place to place do's
 rome,
 His wife her owne ware sells as fast at home.

755. VERTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much, vertue is the lesse,
 By how much, neere to singlenesse.

756. THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
 Betrayes the Hearts Adulteric.

757. TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING
 TO EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see,
 A Renovation of the West by Thee.
 That Preternaturall Fe'ver, which did threat
 Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :
 And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remaines for Thee to do ;
 Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
 Go on with *Sylla's* ¹ Fortune ; let thy Fate
 Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate :
Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse
 Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white suc-
 cesse.
 Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch
 shall pray ;

¹ Who was surnamed Felix.

While young *Charles* fights, and fighting wins
the day.

That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be
Sung in the high *Doxologie* of Thee.

Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles
from them

Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

758. A SONG.

BURNE, or drowne me, choose ye whether,

So I may but die together :

Thus to slay me by degrees,

Is the height of Cruelties.

What needs twenty stabs, when one

Strikes me dead as any stone ?

O shew mercy then, and be

Kind at once to murder mee.

759. PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and Fav'rites are most deere, while
they

By giving and receiving hold the play :

But the Relation then of both growes poor,

When these can aske, and Kings can give no
more.

760. EXAMPLES, OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,

Such as the Prince is, will his people be.

761. POTENTATES.

Love and the *Graces* evermore do wait
Upon a man that is a Potentate.

762. THE WAKE.

COME *Anthea*, let us two
Go to Feast, as others do.
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,
Are the Junketts still at Wakes :
Unto which the Tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport :
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pagentrie :
And a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes :
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious Villages.
Nearer the dying of the day,
There will be a *Cudgell*-Play,
Where a *Corcomb* will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke :
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
Happy Rusticks, best content
With the cheapest Merriment :
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

763. THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH strowings allow
To my Sepulcher now,

To make my lodging the sweeter;
 A staffe or a wand
 Put then in my hand,¹
 With a pennie to pay *S. Peter*.

Who has not a Crosse,¹
 Must sit with the losse,
 And no whit further must venture;
 Since the Porter he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
 Can't send for a gift
 A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,
 Shall heare his Clarke say,
 By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no Pater Noster.

764. TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.¹

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
 (Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the
 last:

In great Processions many lead the way
 To him, who is the triumph of the day.
 As these have done to Thee, who art the one,
 One onely glory of a million:
 In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,
 Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
 When this or that vast *Dinastie* must fall
 Downe to a *Fillit* more *Imperiall*.
 When this or that *Horne* shall be broke, and
 when

¹ William Alablaster, or Alabaster, a Suffolk man, a divine, a convert to and revert from Roman Catholicism, and a writer on the Apocalypse, the Book of Daniel, etc.

Others shall spring up in their place agen :
 When times and seasons and all yeares must
 lie
 Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie :
 When the *Black Dooms-day Bookes* (as yet
 unseal'd)
 Shall by the mighty *Angell* be reveal'd :
 And when the Trumpet which thou late hast
 found
 Shall call to Judgment ; tell us when the sound
 Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
 And next the Gospell wee will credit thee.
 Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule
 below,
 And wonder at Those Things that thou dost
 know.

765. UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a Virgin, and as sweet
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
 Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
 The Marble speaks it *Mary Stone* :
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,
 This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
 If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep
 A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,
 And praying, strew some Roses on her,
 You'l do my *Neice* abundant honour.

766. FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

OF both our Fortunes good and bad we find
 Prosperitie more searching of the mind :
 Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence,
 While misery keeps in with patience.

767. DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the Bound of things, where e're we go,
Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.

768. A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA.

By those soft *Tods* of wooll¹
 With which the aire is full :
 By all those Tinctures there,
 That paint the *Hemisphere* :
 By Dewes and drisling Raine,
 That swell the Golden Grainge :
 By all those sweets that be
 I' th' flowrie Nunnerie :
 By silent Nights, and the
 Three Formes of *Heccate* :
 By all Aspects that blesse
 The sober *Sorceresse*,
 While juice she straines, and pith
 To make her Philters with :
 By Time, that hastens on
 Things to perfection :
 And by your self, the best
 Conjurement of the rest :
 O my *Electra* ! be
 In love with none, but me.

769. COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love, as I have lov'd before :
 For I'm grown old ; &, with mine age, grown
 poore :
Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
 Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

¹ Tod, the old wool-weight ; a quarter cwt.

770. THE SPELL.

HOLY Water come and bring ;
 Cast in Salt, for seasoning :
 Set the Brush for sprinkling :
 Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;
 Meale and it now mix together ;
 And a little Oyle to either :
 Give the Tapers here their light,
 Ring the *Saints-Bell*, to affright
 Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

771. HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a Cell
 To dwell,
 Where no foot hath
 A path :
 There will I spend,
 And end
 My wearied yeares
 In teares.

772. A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed :
 With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
 See this, View that, and all the other bounds :
 Shut every gate ; mend every hedge that's torne,
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that
 where
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich *compost* there.

773. A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise *Iacchus*,
 Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us :
 And yet thou so dost back us
 With boldness, that we feare
 No *Brutus* entring here ;
 Nor *Cato* the severe.
 What though the *Lictors* threat us,
 We know they dare not beate us ;
 So long as thou dost heat us.
 When we thy *Orgies* sing,
 Each Cobler is a King ;
 Nor dreads he any thing :
 And though he doe not rave,
 Yet he'l the courage have
 To call my *Lord Maior* knave ;
 Besides ~~too~~, in a brave,
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stitches,
 And shewes his naked flitches ;
 Yet he'le be thought or seen,
 So good as *George-a-Green* ;¹
 And calls his Blouze, his Queene ;
 And speaks in language keene :
 O *Bacchus* ! let us be
 From cares and troubles free ;
 And thou shalt heare how we
 Will chant new *Hymnes* to thee.

774. UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves
 play ;

¹ George a Green, the Pinner of Wakefield.

That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day :
At night they draw to Supper ; then well fed,
They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

775. BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,
This not the least is, which belongs to Kings.
If Wars goe well ; each for a part layes claime:
If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers beare the blame.

776. CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

777. ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time,
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

778. A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces !
That doe in publike places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces ! ,
Who doe with sweet embraces,
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me
For evermore protect me.

779. AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit !
 Neere to the well of wit ;
 And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be !
 To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)
 Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing
 Unto the *Lyrick* string,
 My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
 My *Priest-hood* crown with bayes
 Green, to the end of dayes.

780. UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHENAS in silks my *Julia* goes,
 Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
 That brave Vibration each way free ;
 O how that glittering taketh me !

781. MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keepe,
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

782. TO ANTREA.

LETs call for *Hymen* if agreed thou art ;
Delays in love but crucifie the heart.

Love's thornie Tapers yet neglected lye:
 Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
 The humble howers wooe us on to wed,
 And *Genius* waits to have us both to bed.
 Behold, for us the *Naked Graces* stay
 With maunds¹ of roses for to strew the way:
 Besides, the most religious Prophet stands
 Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide,
 Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the
 Bride.

Tell me *Anthea*, dost thou fondly dread
 The loss of that we call a Maydenhead?
 Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier
 Is not by marriage quencht, but flames the higher.

783. UPON PREW HIS MAID.

IN this little Urne is laid
Prowence Bulwin (once my maid)
 From whose happy spark here let
 Spring the purple Violet.

784. THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite;
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
 Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious² meat,
 The like not *Heliogabalus* did eat:
 And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)
 Then Roman *Sylla* powr'd out at his feast.
 I came; ('tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,
 The bastard *Phenix*; bird of *Putredice*;

¹ "Baskets."

² Cf. *epula lauta* = sumptuous.

And for no less then Aromatick Wine
 Of *Maydens'-blush*, colimixt with *Jessimine*.
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet;
 Which wanting *Lar*, and smoke, hung weeping
 wet;

At last, i' th' noone of wixter, did appeare
 A rag'd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger:
 And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by
 Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.
 At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood;
 I curst the master; and I damn'd the souce;
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'll bring a Fever; since thou keep'st no fire.

785. CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,
 My merrie merrie boyes,
 The Christmas Log to the firing;
 While my good Dame, she
 Bids ye all be free;
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeere's brand
 Light the new block, And
 For good successe in his spending,
 On your Psaltries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the Log is a-teending.¹

Drink now the strong Beere,
 Cut the white loafe here,
 The while the meat is a-shredding;

¹ "Kindling," "burning."

For the rare Mince-Pie
And the Plums stand by
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

786. CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-Pie,
That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his eare,
And a deale of nightly feare
To watch it.

787. ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend¹ to your desire;
Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,
Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

788. ANOTHER.

WASSAILE the Trees, that they may beare
You many a Plum, and many a Peare:
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you doe give them Wassailing.

789. POWER AND PEACE.

*'Tis never, or but seldome knowne,
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.*

¹ "Kindle," "burn."

790. To HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE
MARGARET FALCONBRIGE.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set
A Jem in this eternall Coronet:
'Twas rich before; but since your Name is
downe,
It sparkles now like *Ariadne's* Crowne.
Blaze by this Sphere for ever: Or this doe,
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

791. To OENONE.

SWEET *Oenone*, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.
Speak me faire; for Lovers be
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

792. VERSES.

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?

793. HAPPINESSE.

THAT Happines doe's still the longest thrive,
Where Joves and Grieffs have Turns Alternativ

794. THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMING.

We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

795. POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall Poetrie
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

796. UPON BICE.

BICE laughs, when no man speaks; and doth
protost
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

797. UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can
Endure that luke-warme name of Serving-man:
Serve or not serve, let *Tom* doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

798. KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a Guest:
Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

799. ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as Poets tell)
To fetch *Euridice* from HELL;
And had her; but it was upon
This short but strict condition:

Backward he should not looke while he
 Led her through Hells obscuritie:
 But ah! it hapned as he made
 His passage through that dreadfull shade:
 Revolve he did his loving eye;
 (For gentle feare, or jelousie)
 And looking back, that look did sever
 Him and *Euridice* for ever.

800. UPON COMELY A GOOD SPEAKER BUT
 AN ILL SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY Acts well; and when he speaks his part,
 He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art:
 But when he sings a *Psalme*, ther's none can be
 More curst for singing out of tune then he.

801. ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'NE all Religious courses to be rich
 Hath been reherst, by *Joell Michelditch*:
 But now perceiving that it still do's please
 The sterner Fates, to cross his purposes;
 He tacks about, and now he doth profess
 Rich he will be by all unrighteousness:
 Thus if our ship fails of her Anchor hold,
 We'll love the Divell, so he lands the gold.

802. UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widdow *Prouse* to do her neighbours evill
 Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill.
 Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or
 Hen,
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen?

803. UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

THOU writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be
But ther's not one, doth praise the smell of thee.

804. TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go
Where the Northern Winds do blow
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow:
Rather then I once wo'd see,
But a Winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

805. TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN
CROFTS, CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.¹

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have (my *Crofts*) to send to Thee
For the requitall; save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout
To seeke, and find some few *Immortals* out
To *circumspangle* this my spacious Sphere,
(As Lamps for everlasting shining here:)
And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,
(Amongst the rest) both bright and singular;
The present Age will tell the world thou art
If not th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a summe
Here to be paid; Ile pay't i'th' world to come.

¹ Son of Sir John Crofts, of Saxham, in Suffolk.

806. THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day my *Julia* thou must make
 For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake:
 Knead but the Dow, and it will be
 To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee:
 Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,
 And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

807. TO BE MERRY.

LETS now take our time;
 While w'are in our Prime;
 And old, old Age is a-farre off:
 For the evill evill dayes
 Will come on apace;
 Before we can be aware of.

808. BURIALL.

MAN may want Land to live in; but for all,
 Nature finds out some place for buriall.

809. LENITIE.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art
 Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part

810. PENITENCE.

WHO after his transgression doth repent,
 Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

811. GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright:
Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

812. THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the Sun
 Paints them with fresh Vermilion:
 So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,¹
 And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares:
 So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,
 And Rubies lately polishèd:
 So purest Diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine:
 As *Julia* looks when she doth dress
 Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

813. THE MEANE.

*IMPARTIE doth ever discord bring:
 The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.*

814. HASTE HURTFULL.

*HASTE is unhappy: what we Rashly do
 Is both unluckie ; I, and foolish too.
 Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there
 The soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.*

¹ The Catherine pear (referred to by Suckling in the Wedding Ballad, and elsewhere) is a small and early but excellent pear, described not merely by Herrick and Sir John, but by the scientific Dr. Hogg, as having "a blush of red on the side next the sun."

815. PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray
 For the soule of *Lucia*;
 That in little time she be
 From her *Purgatory* free:
 In th' *intrin* she desires
 That yóur teares may coole her fires.

816. THE CLOUD.

SEEST, thou that Cloud that rides 'in State
 Part *Ruby-like*, part *Candidate*?
 It is no other then the Bed
 Where *Venus* sleeps (halfe smothered).

817. UPON LOACH.

SEEAL'D up with Night-gum; 'Loach each morn-
 ing lyes,
 Till his Wife licking, so unglews his eyes.
 No question then, but such a lick is sweet,
 When a warm tongue do's with such Ambers
 meet.

818. THE AMBER BEAD.

I saw a Flie within a Beade
 Of Amber cleanly buried:
 The Urne was little, but the room
 More rich then *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

819. TO MY DEAREST SISTER M. MERCIE
HERRICK.

WHENERE I go, or what so ere befalls
Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,
This Blessing I will leave thee ere, I go,
Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.
Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead
And Bake the floure of Amber for thy Bread.
Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs
runne oyle,
And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile!
These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see.
The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

820. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTALL clothing I put on,
So soone as, *Julia*, I am gon
To mine eternall Mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent Thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

821. SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's Fortune rend Thee? Beare with thy hard
Fate:
Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.
Say, do's she frown? still countermand her
threats:
Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

822. TO THE PASSENGER.

IF I lye unburied Sir,
 These my Reliques, (pray) interre:
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones, or turfes to cover me.
 One word more I had to say;
 But it skills not; go your way;
 He that wants a buriall roome
For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.

823. UPON NODES.

WHEREVER Nodes do's in the Summer coine,
 He prays his Harvest may be well brought
 home.
 What store of Corn has carefull *Nodes*, thinke
 you,
 Whose Field his foot is, and whose Barn his
 shoe?

824. TO THE KING,

UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.¹

THIS Day is Yours, *Great CHARLES!* and in
 this War
 Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious arc.
 In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest
Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.
 Fortune is now Your Captive; other Kings
Hold but her hands; You hold both hands and
 wings.

Just before Naseby.

825. TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAY-
BREAKE.

By the next kindling of the day
My *Julia* thou shalt see,
Ere *Ave-Mary* thou canst say,
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse,
Appeare thou to mine eyes
As smooth, and nak't, as she that was
The prime of *Paradice*.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A Lawn, that thou mayst looke
As purest Pearles, or Pebles do
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so
Do thou to me appeare;
Or Damask Roses when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

826. COUNSELL.

'Twas *Cesar's* saying: *Kings no lesse Con-*
querors are
By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.

827. BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

Like those infernall Deities which eate
The best of all the sacrificèd meate;

And leave their servants, but the smoak &
sweat :

So many *Kings*, and *Primates* too there are,
Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starvèd ware.

828. MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders, *few for execution.*

829. TO DIANEME.

I c'od but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretfull Bee ;
And I the Javelin suckt away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and Bryturs & Stings
I have in my poore Brest ;
Yet n'er can see that salve which brings
My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile,
To see me bleed, and not desire
To stetch the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould
Art so unkind to me ;
What dismal Stories will be told
Of those that cruell be ?

830. UPON TAP.

TAP (better known then trusted) as we heare,
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere :
And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,
He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

831. HIS LOSSE.

ALL has been plundered from me, but my wit
Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

832. DRAW, AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your Fountains, and your Springs,
for why ?
The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow
dry.

833. UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call
Punchin a dry *plant-animall*.
Because as Plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beere and Ale, spreads so.

834. TO OENONE.

THOU sayest Love's Dart
Hath prickt thy heart ;
And thou do'st languish too :

If one poore prick,
Can make thee sick,
Say, what wo'd many do?

835. UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

TOM BLINKS his Nose, is full of wheales, and
these
Tom calls not pimples, but *Pimpleides*:¹
Sometimes (in mirth) he sayes each whelk's a
sparke
(When drunke with Beere) to light him home,
i'th' dark.

836. UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if
His jawes had tir'd on some large Chine of
Beefe.
But nothing so: the dinner *Adam* had,
Was cheese full ripe with Teares, with Bread
as sad.

837. TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell,
Thou art all turn'd isicle?
Shall I say her Altars be
Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee?
O beware! in time submit;
Love has yet no wrathfull fit:
If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

¹ The Muses.

838. TO MISTRESS AMIE POTTER.¹

Al me! I love, give him your hand to kisse
 Who both your wooer and your Poet is.
 Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love;
 Your part's to grant; my Scean must be to
 move.

Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet?
 If you say (I) Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
 Mine eyes must wooe you, (though I sigh the
 while)

True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.
 And you may find in Love these differing
 parts;
Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.

839. UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes (in Bed of Spice)
 Faire as *Eve* in Paradise:
 For her beauty it was such
 Poets co'd not praise too much.
 Virgins come, and in a Ring
 Her supreamest *Requiem* sing;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

840. UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere;
 From good to good, revolving here, & there.

¹ A daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.

841. BEAUTY.

BEAUTY'S no other but a lovely Grace
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

842. UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore, we may apply;
Only for my wound there's no remedy.
Yet if my *Julia* kisse me, there will be
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

843. UPON HANCH A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

HANCH, since he (lately) did interre his wife,
He weepes and sighs (as weary of his life.)
Say, is't for reall grieffe he mourns? not so;
Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.

844. UPON PEASON. EPIG.

LONG Locks of late our Zelot *Peason* weares,
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,
That Stubble stands, where*once large eares
have been.

845. TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly Patron unto thee:
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
Torn for the use of Pasterie:

Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:
Or see the Grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

846. READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing, doth expresse
No other, but the doers willingnesse.

847. WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to endite;
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

848. SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand;
The first *Commerce* is, & the next *Command*.

849. UPON A MAID.

GONE she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come, (and make no stay.)
So we keepe, till her returne
Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

850. SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

FOR all our workes a recompense is sure:
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

851. THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love?
 On your niceness though we wait,
 Yet the houres say 'tis late:
Coynesse takes us to a measure;
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
 Go to Bed, and care not when
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
 One *Brave Captain* did command,
 (By his word) the Sun to stand:
 One short charme if you but say
 Will enforce the Moon to stay,
 Till you warn her hence (away)
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

852. TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT
COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICKS.¹

TOUCH but thy Lire (my *Harrie*) and I heare
 From thee some raptures of the rare *Gotire*.
 Then if thy voice commingle with the String,
 I heare in thee the rare *Laniere* to sing;
 Or curious *Wilson*: Tell me, canst thou be
 Less then *Apollo*, that usurp'st such Three?
 Three, unto whom the whole world give ap-
 plause;
 Yet their Three praises, praise but One; that's
Lawes.

853. AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old;
 Let me in my Glasse behold

¹ The famous musician, Milton's friend.

Whether smooth or not I be,
Or if haire remaines to me.
Well, or be't or be't not so,
This for certainty I know ;
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that Death bids come away.

854. THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many Houses for the Dead ;
When my Lot calls me to be barièd,
For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be
I'th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

855. TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA I am going hence
With some small stock of innocence :
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.
To pray for me doe thou begin,
The Porter then will let me in.

856. NEED.

WHO begs to die for feare of humane need,
Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

857. TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray
For my well-fare (*Julia*)
For I thinke the gods require
Male perfumes, but Female fire.

858. ON JULIA'S LIPS.

SWEET are my *Julia's* lips and cleane,
As if or'ewasht in Hippocrene.

859. TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT, no other thing is, Poets say,
Then the last part of night, and first of day.

860. TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

LOVE, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race:
The bastard Slips may droop and die
Wanting both Root, and Earth; but thy
Immortall selfe, shall boldly trust
To live for ever, with my Just.

861. ON HIMSELFE.

If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,
And so soone stopt my longer living here;
What was't (ye Gods!) a dying man to save,
But while he met with his Paternall grave;
Though while we living 'bout the world do
 roame,
We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home,
Where we may snug, and close together lye
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

862. KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'TWIXT Kings & Tyrants there's this difference
known,
*Kings seek their Subjects' good: Tyrants their
owne.*

863. CROSSES.

OUR Crosses are no other then the rods,
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods:
Each grieve we feele, that likewise is a Kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to cate, or bite.

864. UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent Grove,
And shew'd me there a Tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold,
That he reacht forth unto me:
No otherwise, then if he would
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use;
And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a Noose,
His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been
There really alone;
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen
Mine Execution.

865. NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and
 Clark ;
Jone as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

866. THE BODY.

THE Body is the Soules poore house, or home,
 Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the
 Loame.

867. TO SAPHO.

THOU saist thou lov'st me *Sapho* ; I say no^f ;
 But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so !
 Pardon my feares (sweet *Sapho*) I desire .
 That thou be righteous found ; and I the Lyer.

868. OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise her paines
 That wets her Garden when it raines :
 But when the drought has drⁱd the knot,¹
 Then let her use the watring-pot.
 We pray for showers (at our need)
 To drench, but not to drown our seed.

869. TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere
 Those faces (sower as Vineger).
 For these, and Nobler numbers can
 Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

¹ Flower-bed.

870. TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS
HEALE.¹

STAND by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes
'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.
Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.
While others perish, here's thy life decreed
Because begot of my *Immortall* seed.

871. THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE
BETWIXT HIMSELF AND JULIA.

- Herr.* COME and let's in solemn wise
Both addresse to sacrifice:
Old Religion first commands
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from staine,
Altar cleane, no fire prophane?
Are the Garlands? Is the Nard
- Jul.* Ready here?—All well prepar'd,
With the Wine that must be shed
(Twixt the hornes) upon the head,
Of the holy Beast we bring
For our Trespasse-offering.—
- Herr.* All is well; now next to these
Put we on pure Surplices;
And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
With perfumes the Holocaust:
And (while we the gods invoke)
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

¹ A Devonshire baronet and Cavalier.

872. TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,
 Unshorn *Apollo*, come, and re-inspire
 My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,
 That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

873. ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre: Hence those who
 feare;
 No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

874. ANOTHER.

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire:
A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.

875. AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway
 With whom the Sea-Nymphs play;
 And *Venus*, every way:
 When I embrace thy knee;
 And make short pray'rs to thee:
 In love, then prosper me.
 This day I goe to wooe;
 Instruct me how to doe
 This worke thou put'st me too.
 From shame my face keepe free,
 From scorne I begge of thee,
 Love to deliver me:

So shall I sing thy praise ;
And to thee Altars raise,
Unto the end of daies.

876. TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me :
Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee :
Bet let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
The minute of mine *expiration*.
One knell be rung for both ; and let one grave
To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

877. HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

MY soule would one day goe and seeke
For Roses, and in *Julia's* cheeke
A richness of those sweets she found,
(As in another *Rosamond*.)
But gathering Roses as she was,
(Not knowing what would come to passe)
It chanst a ringlet of her haire,
Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :
Which ever since has been in thrall ;
Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

878. FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the Commons all.

879. KISSES LOATHSOME.

I ABHOR the slimie kisse,
 (Which to me most loathsome is.)
 Those lips please me which are plac't
 Close, but not too strictly lac't :
 Yielding I wo'd have them ; yet
 Not a wimbling¹ Tongue admit :
 What sho'd poking-sticks² make there,
 When the ruffe is set elsewhere ?

880. UPON REAPE.

REAPE'S eyes so rawe are, that (it seemes) the
 flies
 Mistake the flesh, and flye-blow both his eyes ;
 So that an Angler, for a daies expence,
 May baite his hook, with maggots taken thence.

881. UPON TEAGE:

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when *Teage*
 tells
 Truth, yet *Teage's* truths are untruths, (nothing
 else.)

882. UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A
GOLDEN NET.

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,
 These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,
¹ Boring.
² Poking-sticks, on which the pipes of the ruff were
 frilled.

To take thine haire when they are knowne
 Already tame, and all thine owne ?
 'Tis I am wild, and more then haire
 Deserve these Mashes¹ and those snares.
 Set free thy Tresses, let them flow
 As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :
 And let such curious Net-works be
 Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

883. UPON TRUGGIN.

TRUGGIN a Footman was ; but now, growne
 lame,
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

884. THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

Love in a showre of Blossomes came
 Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :
 The Blooms-that fell were white and red ;
 But with such sweets'comminglèd,
 As whether (this) I cannot tell
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :
 But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
 Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;
 Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,
 And with his Javelin wounded me :
 From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake :
Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;
But Those have thorns, and These have stings.

¹ Meshes.

885. UPON SPENKE.

SPENKE has a strong breath, yet short Prayers
saith :
Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

886. A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

NAUGHT are all Women : I say no,
Since for one Bad, one Good I know :
For *Clytemnestra* most unkind,
Loving *Alcestis* there we find:
For one *Medea* that was bad,
A good *Penelope* was had :
For wanton *Lais*, then we have
Chaste *Lucrece*, or a wife as grave :
And thus through Woman-kind we see
A Good and Bad. *Sirs credit me.*

887. UPON LULLS.

LULLS swears he is all heart ; but you'll suppose
By his *Probosiss* that he is all nose.

888. SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one Lord ; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

889. CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of Bread,
Lay it underneath the head ;
'Tis a certain Charm to keep
Hags away while Children sleep.

890. ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife
 Neer the child's heart lay a knife:
 Point be up, and Haft be downe;
 (While she gossips in the towne)
 This 'mongst other mystick charms
 Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

891. ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the Hag, you must doe this;
 Commix with Meale a little Pisse
 Of him bewicht: then forthwith make
 A little Wafer or a Cake:
 And this rawly bak't will bring
 The old Hag in. No surer thing.

892. ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up Hooks, and Sheers to scare
 Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,
 Till they be all over wet,
 With the mire, and the sweat:
 This observ'd, the Manes shall be
 Of your horses, all knot-free.

893. CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

DOWN with the Rosemary and Bayes,
 Down with the Misleto;
 Instead of Holly, now up-raise
 The greener Box (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway ;
 Let Box now domineere ;
 Untill the dancing Easter-day,
 Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,
 Your houses to renew ;
 Grown old, surrender must his place,
 Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
 And many Flowers beside ;
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne
 To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,
 With cooler Oken boughs ;
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.
 Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's
 hold ;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

894. THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas Brand and then
 Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
 Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
 The Christmas Log next yeare ;
 And where 't's safely kept, the Fiend,
 Can do no mischief (there.)

895. UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the White-loafe, & the Pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

896. SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits : but Physitians call
That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

897. UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes Verses ; but the Lines he writes,
Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

898. TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin ?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound ?
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
All Aspects malevolent ?
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these
Dead or black contingencies :
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy Parallels ?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist, or blest by thee.

899. JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION

PUT on thy *Holy Fillitings*, and so
To th' Temple with the sober *Midwife* go.

Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)
 By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.
 Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou
 see'st

The candid Stole thrown ore the *Pious Priest*;
 With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring
 Thy free (and not decurted) offering.

All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come
 (As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home:
 Where ceremonious *Hymen* shall for thee
 Provide a second *Epithalamie*.

*She who keeps chastly to her husbands side
 Is not for one, but every night his Bride:
 And stealing still with love, and fear: to Bed,
 Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

900. TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the Press scarce one co'd see
 A little-peeping-part of thee:
 But since th' art Printed, thou dost call
 To shew thy nakedness to all.
 My care for thee is now the less,
 (Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness:)
 Go with thy Faults and Fates; yet stay
 And take this sentence, then away;
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

901. TEARES.

TEARES most prevaile; with teares too thou
 mayst move
 Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

902. TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION
OF WORDS.

WORDS beget Anger ; Anger brings forth
blowes :
Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.
For which prevention (Sociate¹) let there be
Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie*.
Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,
Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

903. TRUTH.

TRUTH is Best found out by the time, and
eyes ;
Fatsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

904. UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting,
For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese ; for every
thing
That *Prickles* buyes, . puts *Prickles* out of
frame ;
How well his nature's fitted to his name !

905. THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight ; one eye doth please
Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

906. WANT.

WANT is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

¹ Short for "associate."

907. 'TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my Book, and herein see,
 Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.
 We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye;
 While other generations dye.

908. UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE
MUSITIAN.

SHO'D I not put on Blacks, when each one here
 Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare?
 Sho'd I not grieve (my *Lawes*) when every
 Lute,
 Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute?
 Thy loss, brave man! whose Numbers have
 been hurl'd,
 And no less prais'd, then spread throughout
 the world.
 Some have Thee call'd *Amphion*; some of us,
 Nam'd thee *Terpander*, or sweet *Orpheus*:
 Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
 Musique had both her birth and death with
 Thee.

909. A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my *Silvia* ranne away,
 And running therewithall,
 A *Primrose* Banke did cross her way,
 And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,
 What I by chance did see;
 But such the Drap'ry did betray
 That fully ravisht me.

910. THE HONY-COMBE.

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,
 Eate thou not all, but taste on some :
 For if thou eat'st it to excess ;
 That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.
 Taste it to Temper ;¹ then 'twill be
 Marrow, and Manna' unto thee.

911. UPON BEN. JOHNSON.

HERE lyes *Johnson* with the rest
 Of the Poets ; but the Best.
 Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?
 Aske his Story, not this Stone.
 That will speake what this can't tell
 Of his glory. *So farewell.*

912. AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH Ben !
 Say how, or when
 Shall we thy Guests
 Meet at those *Lyrick Feasts*,
 Made at the *Sun*,²
 The *Dog*,² the triple *Tunne* ?²
 Where we such clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
 And yet each Verse of thine
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !
 Or come agen :
 Or send to us,

¹ "Moderation."

² All famous London taverns.

Thy wit's great over-plus ;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that Tallent spend :
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock ; the store
 Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

913. UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,
 Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers ;
 Of which make Garlands here, and there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,
In everlasting Properties.
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
 Farre faster then the first can wither.

914. BLAME.

IN Battailles what disasters fall,
 The King he beares the blame of all.

915. A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

PONDER my words, if so that any be
 Known guilty here of incivility :
 Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
 Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew
 Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.
Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,
Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.
 This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,
 And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

916. UPON HIMSELF.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
 And in good faith I'd thought it strange
 T'ave found in me this sudden change;
 But that I understood by dreames,
 These only were but Loves extreames;
 Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

917. MULTITUDE.

WE Trust not to the multitude in Warre,
 But to the stout; and those that skilfull are.

918. FEARE.

MAN must do well out of a good intent;
 Not for the servile feare of punishment.

919. TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT! can my *Kellam* drink his Sack
 In Goblets to the brim,
 And see his *Robin Herrick* lack,
 Yet send no Boules to him?
 For love or pitie to his Muse,
 (That she may flow in Verse)
 Contemne to recommend a Cruse,
 But send to her a Tearce.¹

¹ A forty-gallon cask, or thereabouts; a third of a pipe or butt. Kellam seems unknown.

920. HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A
HEARTY TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering .
Of full provision ; such a store,
Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beere (at all ;)
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here,
Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;
And this *good blessing* back them still,
T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.
Then from the porch may many a Bride
Unto the Holy Temple ride :
And thence return, (short prayers sey'd)
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the Bride and Bridegroom be
Untoucht by cold *sterility* ;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in *Lusters* few they may,
By laughing too, and lying downe
People a *City* or a *Towne*.

921. CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE *Lictors* bundl'd up their rods : beside,
Knit them with knots (with much adoe unty'd)
That if (unknitting) men wo'd yet repent,
They might escape the lash of punishment.

922. PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

*MEN are suspicious ; prone to discontent :
Subjects still loath the present Government.*

923. REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield :
Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth
withhold :
Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

924. REVENGE.

*MAN's disposition is for to requite
An injurie, before a benefite :
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine ;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.*

925. THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare,
The first event breeds confidence or feare.

926. BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

*HARD are the two first staires unto a Crowne ;
Which got, the third, bids him a King come downe.*

927. FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

928. THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH. .

PRAISE they that will Times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: *this age best pleaseth mee.*

929. CLOATHES, ARE CONSPIRATORS.

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare;
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

930. CRUELTY.

'Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

931. FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

TEARES quickly drie: griefs will in time decay:
A cleare, will come after a cloudy, day.

932. HUNGER.

ASKE me what hunger is, and Ile reply,
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

933. BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

IN this misfortune Kings doe most excell,
To heare the worst from men, when they doe
well.

934. THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.

935. THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,
And quickly I shall be
Made by that fetter or that snare
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the eare;
And by the Law I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

936. CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-room to the best; *'Tis never known*
Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.

937. TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespass (Silvia,) I confesse,
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfast-
ness:

None is discreet at all times; no, *not Jove*
Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.

938. FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the Sea, and seem'd to call
To prettie girles to play withall:

Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,
 And on a sudden both were drown'd.
 What credit can we give to seas,
 Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

939. HIS WISH.

FAT be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife;
 Peacefull my night; my day devoid of strife:
 To these a comely off-spring I desire,
 Singing about my everlasting fire.

940. UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN
THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see
 My *Julia* wash her self in thee!
 So *Lillies* thorough Christall look:
 So purest pebbles in the brook:
 As in the River *Julia* did,
 Halfē with a Lawne of water hid.
 Into thy streames my self I threw;
 And strugling there, I kist thee too;
 And more had done (it is confest)
 Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

941. A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH Frankinsense the *Deities* require,
 We must not give all to the hallowed fire,
 Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
 As for ourselves to leave some frankinsence.

942. UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of Parchment *Clunn* about him
beares,*

Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors:
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
That *Bar*, this *Bend*; that *Fess*, this *Cheveron*; ¹
This *Manch*, that *Moone*; this *Martlet*, and that
Mound;

This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.
What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,
Whenas his owne still out at elboes is?

943. UPON CUPID.

Love, like a Beggar, came to me
With Hose and Doublet torne:
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need:
Of which, when he had fully fed,
He wisht me all *Good speed*.

Away he went, but as he turn'd
(In faith I know not how)
He toucht me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart;
And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure
His finger was the dart.

¹ Most of these heraldic terms are well enough known. *Manch* is a sleeve.

944. VPON BLISSE.

BLISSE (last night drunk) did kisse his mothers
 knee:
 Where he will kisse (next drunk) conjecture ye.

945. VPON BURR.

BURR is a smell-feast, and a man alone,
 That (where meat is) will be a hanger on,

946. VPON MEGG.

MEGG yesterday was troubled with a Pose,
 Which, this night hardned, soddens up her nose.

947. AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I WILL confesse
 With Cheerfulnesse,
 Love is a thing so likes me,
 That let her lay
 On me all day,
 Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

2. I will not, I
 Now blubb'ring, cry,
 It (Ah!) too late repents me,
 That I did fall
 To love at all,
 Since love so much contents me.

3. No, no, Ile be
 In fetters free:

While others they sit wringing
 Their hands for pain; ;
 Ile entertaine
 The wounds of love with singing.

4. With Flowers and Wine,
 And Cakes Divine,
 To strike me I will tempt thee:
 Which done; no more
 Ile come before
 Thee and thine Altars emptie.

948. TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS
 FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.¹

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence:
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
 Worthy the Publique Admiration:
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what wo doe
 write,
 And giv'st our Numbers *Euphonié*, and weight.
 Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how under-
 stood

To be, or not borne of the Royall-blood.
 What State above, what *Symmetrie* below,
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst
 show.

For which (my *Charles*) it is my pride to be,
 Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of *Bayes*,
 Be lesse anothers *Laurell*, then thy praise.

¹ Either the poet and translator, or his father, who was himself a man of worth and learning.

949. WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry Women, when
 Without their use we may have men?
 And such as will in short time be,
 For murder fit, or mutinie;
 As *Cadmus* once a new way found,
 By throwing teeth into the ground;
 (From which poore seed, and rudely sown)
 Sprung up a War-like Nation.
 So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,
 Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould;
 And we shall see in little space
 Rise up of men, a fighting race.
 If this can be, say then, what need
 Have we of Women or their seed?

950. LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

Love is a sirrup; and who er'e we see
 Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie:
 Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,
Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

951. LEVEN.

LOVE is a Leven, and a loving kisse
 The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

952. REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say Repletion springs
 More from the sweet then sower things.

953. ON HIMSELF.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this
light :

And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.

Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,

Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

954. NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

955. ON HIMSELF.

Lost to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone

Here now I rest under this Marble stone :

In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

956. TO M. LEONARD WILLAN¹ HIS
PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live Thou throughout the world ;
Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the *Comick*, *Tragick* straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :
Who flit at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st
through ;
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse
too :

¹ A very minor poet.

For which I might extoll thee, but speake
 lesse,
 Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse:
 And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
 Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

957. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND M. JOHN HALL,¹
 STUDENT OF GRAYES INNE.

TELL me young man, or did the Muses bring
 Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their
 Spring;
 That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be
 A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee?
 What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee
 knowne,
 At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one?
 Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence
 Thou had'st, and hast thy *mighty influence*,
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maidens admir'd.
 Put on thy Laurell then; and in that ~~triumph~~
 Be thou *Apollo*, or the type of him:
 Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee ~~his~~ Lyre,
 And next to him, be Master of the ~~the~~ Quire.

958. TO JULIA.

OFFER thy gift; but first the Law commands
 Thee, *Julia*, first, to *sanctifie* thy hands:
 Doe that, my *Julia* which the rites require,
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

¹ Known as a wit.

959. TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER
M. ELIZABETH FINCH.

HANSOME you are, and Proper you will be
Despight of all your infortunitie :
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
In that your owne prefixed comelinesse :
Spend on that stock : and when your life must
fall,
Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

960. UPON RALPH.

RALPH pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes,
and *Ralph*
In 'sev'rall tills and boxes, keepes 'em safe ;
Instead of Harts-horne (if he speakes the troth)
To make a lustie-gellie for his broth.

961. TO HIS BOOKE.

It hap it must, that I must see thee lye
Like a ~~stone~~-like, all torne confusedly :
With solemne tears, and with much grief of
tears.
Ie recollect thee (weeping) part by part ;
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
With ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~that~~ done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

962. TO THE KING,

UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-COURT.
SET AND SUNG.¹

~~WELCOME~~ Great Cesar, welcome now you are,
As ~~desert~~ Peace, after destructive Warre :

¹ If this refers, as apparently it must, to the
residence at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647,

Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease
 After our long, and peevish sicknesses.
O Pompe of Glory ! Welcome now, and come
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.
 A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighs
 Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.
 Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite
 For an *Ascendent* throughly *Auspicate* :
 Under which signe we may the former stone
 Lay of our safeties new foundation :
 That done ; *O Cesar !* live, and be to us,
 Our *Fate*, our *Fortune*, and our *Genius* ;
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye
 As to a still protecting Deitie :
 That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too
 May (*Great Augustus*) *goe along with You*.
Chor. Long live the King ; and to accomplish
 this,
 We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

963. ULTIMUS HEROUUM: OR, TO THE MOST
 LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT HONOUR-
 ABLE, HENRY, MARQUESS OF DOR-
 CHESTER,

AND as time past when *Cato* the Severe
 Entred the circum-spacious Theater ;
 In reverence of his person, every one
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :
 E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be
 If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

Herrick's loyalty must have got considerably the
 better of his judgment ; but he seems always to have
 had a most unpolitical head,

964. TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

TELL that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have
access,

To kiss his hands, but that for fearfulness ;
Or else because th' art like a modest Bride,
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

965. UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other I define,
Then the dead Corps, or Carcase of the Wine.

966. UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the Postern comes,
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his
gummies.

967. TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND M. JO. HARMAR,¹ PHISITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those Numbers thou do'st
write,

To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,
In an expansion no less large, then high ;
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,
And with Circumgyration every where ;

¹ Harmar was a learned man, but a parasite. He was a Master of Arts, a Bachelor of Medicine, and a schoolmaster at Westminster and elsewhere.

Following with love and active heate thy game,
 And then at last to truss the Epigram ;
 I must confess, distinction none I see
 Between *Domitian's Martiall* then, and Thee. .
 But this I know, should *Jupiter* agen
 Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;
 The Romane Language full, and superfine,
 If *Jove* wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

968. UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
 For shape and service, *Spaniell* like to thee.
 This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one
 Teare, that deserves of me a million.

969. THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning, I espie
 Coming from my *Julia's* eye :
 'Tis some solace in our smart,
 To have friends to beare a part :
 I have none ; but must be sure
 Th' inundation to endure.
 Shall not times hereafter tell
 This for no meane *miracle* ;
 When the waters by their fall
 Threatn'd ruine unto all ?
 Yet the deluge here was known,
 Of a world to drowne but One.

970. UPON LUPES.

LUPES for the outside of his suite has paide ;
But for his heart, he cannot have it made :
The reason is, his credit cannot get
The inward carbage¹ for his cloathes as yet.

971. RAGGS.

WHAT are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,
But the base dregs and lees of vestiments ?

972. STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET Kings and Rulers learne this line from
me ;
Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.

973. UPON TUBBS.

FOR thirty yeares, *Tubbs* has been proud and
poor ;
'Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

974. CRUTCHES.

THOU scest me *Lucia* this year droope,
Three *Zodiaks* fill'd more I shall stoope ;
Let Crutches then provided be
To shore up my debilitie.
Then while thou laugh'st ; Ile, sighing, crie,
"A Ruine underpropt am I :

¹ Same as garbage = " trimmings," " linings."

Do'n will I then my *Beadsmans* gown,
 And when so feeble I am grown,
 As my weake shoulders cannot beare
 The burden of a *Grashopper* :
 Yet with the bench of agèd sires,
 When I and they keep tearmly fires ;
 With my weake voice I'll sing, or say
 Some Odes I made of *Lucia* :
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To *Jove* the Mighty, for to stand
 Thy faithfull friend, and to pòure downe
 Upon the many a *Benizon*.

975. TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
 For the sacred sprinkling :
 Baptize me and thee, and so
 Let us to the Altar go.
 And (ere we our rites commence)
 Wash our hands in innocence.
 Then I'll be the *Rex Sacrorum*,
 Thou the Queen of *Peace and Quorum*.

976. UPON CASE.

CASE is a Lawyer, that ne'er pleads alone,
 But when he hears the like confusion,
 As when the 'disagreeing Commons throw
 About their House, their clamorous I, or No :
 Then *Case*, as loud as any *Serjant* there,
 Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the *Case* is clear :
 But when all's hush't *Case* then a fish more

Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the
 Suite.

977. TO PERENNA.

I A *Dirge* will pen for thee ;
 Thou a *Trentall* make for me :
 That the Monks and Fryers together,
 Here may sing the rest of either :
 Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have
Candlemas to grace the Grave.

978. TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA
 HERRICK.

THE Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth
 fall
 Last, yet to be with These a Principall.
 Howere it fortun'd ; know for Truth, I meant
 You a fore-leader in this Testament.

979. UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS Stone can tell the storic of my life,
 What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife :
 In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,
 Where now I rest, these may be known by *Jel*.
 For other things, my many Children be
 The best and truest *Chronicles* of me.

980. ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

GROW up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,
 And be of all admired, *Tomasin*.

981. CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the Rosemary, and so
 Down with the Baies & misletoe:
 Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
 Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall:
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least Branch there left behind:
 For look, how many leaves there be
 Neglected there (maids trust to me)
 So many *Goblins* you shall see.

982. SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

He that will live of all cares dispossess,
 Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

983. UPON SPOKES.

SPOKES, when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears
 Nothing he loves on't bilt the chaps and ears:
 But carve to him the fat flanks; and he shall
 Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

984. TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO: HERRICK,
WHO DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my Colledge, and though late
 Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)
 It matters not, since thou art chosen one
 Here of my great and good foundation.

985. A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND
THYRSIS.

Lacon. FOR a kiss or two, confesse,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfill the milkin-paile?
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was:
See mine eyes are weeping ripe.

Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my Pipe.

Thyr. I have' lost my lovely steere,
That to me was far more deer
Then these kine, which I milke here.
Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
Party-colour'd like a Pie;
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;
Sharply pointed as a thorn:
With a neck by yoke unworn.
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,
Enterplac't with ribbanings.
Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw co'd him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape:
But yet harmless as a sheep.

(Pardon, *Lacon* if I weep)
Tears will spring, were woes are deep.
 Now (ai me!) (ai me!) Last night
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.
 Live long, *Lacon*, so *adew*!

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

986. UPON SAPHO.

Look upon *Sapho's* lip, and you will swear,
 There is a love-like leven rising there.

987. UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how *Faunus*, he the shepheards *God*,
 His wife to death whipt with a *Mirtle Rod*.
 The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name;
 But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

988. THE QUINTELL.

UP with the Quintill, that the Rout,
 May fart for joy, as well as shout:
 Either's welcome, Stinke or Civit,
 If we take it, as they give it.

989. A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

1. DRINKE up
 Your Cup,
But not spill Wine;
 For if you
 Do,
 'Tis an ill signe;
2. That we
 Foresce,
You are cloy'd here,
 If so, no
 Hoc,¹
But avoid here.

990. CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

*CARE keeps the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne
To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.*

991. RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have Bounds how farre to walke
for we
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

992. TO BIANCHA.

AH *Biancha*! now I see,
It is Noone and past with me.
In a while it will strike one;
Then, *Biancha*, I am gone.

:

¹ "Stop."

Some *effusions* let me have,
Offer'd on my holy Grave ;
Then, *Biancha*, let me rest
With my face towards the East.

993. TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE
POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face,
Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,
As that in all that *admirable round*,
There is not one least *solcisme* found ;
And as that part, so every portion else,
Keepes line for line with *Beauties Parallels*.

994. ANACREONTIKE.

I MUST
Not trust
Here to any ;
Bereav'd,
Deceiv'd
By so many :
As one
Undone
By my losses ;
Comply
Will I
With my crosses,
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving ;
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.

But this
Sweet is
In our mourning;
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning:
And he
Whom we
See dejected;
Next day
Wee may
See erected.

995. MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are,
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

996. NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS
THE CHARGE.

WHY sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,
W'ave more to beare our charge, then way to
go?

997. ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am, and fine,
When I drinke my capring wine:
Then to love I do encline,
When I drinke my wanton wine:
And I wish all merridens mine,
When I drinke my sprightly wine:
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drinke my frolick wine:

But I languish, lowre, and Pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

998. UPON PENNIE.

BROWN bread *Tom Pennie* eates, and must of
right,
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

999. PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

KINGS must not use the Are for each offence :
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

1000. FEARE GETS FORCE.

*DESPAIRE takes heart, when ther's no hope to
speed :*
The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.

1001. PARCELL-GIL'T-POETRY.

LET's strive to be the best; the Gods, we
know it,
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

1002. UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND
ANSWER.

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye :

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Love will be-foole ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Heate ye to coole ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Love gifts will send ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Stock ye to spend ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Love will fulfill ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

1003. TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT
IN CORNWALL.¹

Go on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.
Lift up thy Sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that *One blow* set an end to all.

1004. HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private *Grange*
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change:)
Under whose Roofe with *Mosse-worke* wrought,
there I
Kisse my *Brown wife* and *black Posterity*.

¹ Lord, earlier Sir Ralph, Hopton, who started the career of "Charles's Wain" at the very earliest part of the Rebellion with remarkable success, especially in the fight at Stratton, to which Herriek doubtless refers.

1005. LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a House I come, and see
 The *Genius* wastefull, more then free :
 The servants *thumblesse*, yet to eat,
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :
 The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,
 More than the teats of Discipline :
 The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :
 The Husband drunke, the Wife to be
 A Baud to incivility :
 I must confesse, I there descrie,
 A House spread through with *Leprosie*.

006. GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests,
 To come with their own bellies unto feasts :
 Not to eat equall portions ; but to rise
 Farc't¹ with the food, that may themselves
 suffice.

1007. ANTHERA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHERA laught, and fearing lest'excesse
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse :
 She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;
 And cal'd each line back to his *rule* and *space*.

1008. COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismaide, though crosses cast thee
 downe ;
 Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

¹ Farc'd = "stuffed," as in Latin, and still in French.

1009. SEEKE AND FINDE.

*ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.*

1010. REST.

ON with thy worke, though thou beest hardly
 prest;
Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.

1011. LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold
Enspir'd¹ with *Purple, Pearle, and Gold*;
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosie,
That do's infect, and make the rent
More mortall in the vestiment.
*As flowerie vestures doe describe
The wearers' rich immodestie;
So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

1012. UPON BUGGINS.

BUGGINS is Drunke all night, all day he
 sleepes;
This is the leuell-coyle² that *Buggins* keeps.

¹ Enspired, as before of the cream and strawberries,
"shot."

² Means regular racket.

1013. GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

*To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.*

1014. HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You aske me what I doe, and how I live ?
And (Noble friend) this answer I must give :
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

1015. THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily Begger be,
For love's sake asking almes of thee ?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit ?
Ah cruell maides ! He goe my way,
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,
That may far sooner speed the poore :
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

1016. BASTARDS.

Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate,
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

1017. HIS CHANGE.

My many cares and much distress,
 Has made me like a wilderness:
 Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,
 And all-confused multitude:
 Out of my comely manners worne;
 And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

1018. THE VISION.

ME thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)
 A crawling Vine about *Anacreon's* head:
 Flusht was his face; his haire with oyle did
 shine;
 And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with
 wine.
 Tipl'd he was; and tipling lispt withall;
 And lisp'g reeld, and reeling like to fall.
 A young *Euchantresse* close by him did stand
 Tapping his plump thighes with a *mirtle* wand:
 She smil'd; he kist; and kissing, cull'd¹ her
 too;
 And being cup²-shot, more he co'd not doe.
 For which (me thought) in prittie anger she
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to
 me:
 Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe
 swim,
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

¹ "Colled," "put his arm round her neck."

² "Overcome with liquor."

1019. A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight
 Of my dearest deare last'night;
 Make her this day smile on me,
 And Ile Roses give to thee.

1020. ON HIS BOOKE.

THE bound (almost) now of my book I see,
 But yet no end of those therein pr me:
 Here we begin new life; while thousands quite
 Are lost, and theirs; in everlasting night.

1021. A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me.
 But (ah!) by starres malignant crost,
 The life I got I quickly lost:
 But yet a way there doth remaine,
 For me embalm'd to live againe;
 And that's to love me; in which state
 Ile live as one *Regenerate*.

1022. BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well:
Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.

1023. POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the Printing Presse run fast,
 Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste.*

• 1024. RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT'S got by Justice is establisht sure ;
No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.

1025. COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD
 LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
 When she a place
 Has with the race
 Of Saints ?
 In endlesse mirth,
 She thinks not on
 What's said or done
 In earth :
 She sees no teares,
 Or any tone
 Of thy deep-grone
 She heares :
 Nor do's she minde,
 Or think on't now,
 That ever thou
 Wast kind.
 But chang'd above,
 She likes not there,
 As she did here,
 Thy Love.
 Forbeare therefore,
 And lull asleepe
 Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

1026. UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet
Boreman,
 For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

1027. SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW
 AFTER TWELTH DAY.¹

PARTLY worke and partly play,
 Ye must on S. *Distaff's* day:
 From the Plough soone free your teame;
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the Maides a-spinning goe,
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow:
 Scorch their plackets,² but beware
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.
 Bring in pailles of water then,
 Let the Maides bewash the men.
 Give S. *Distaffe* all the right,
 Then bid Christmas sport *good night*;
 And next morrow, every one
 To his owne vocation.

1028. SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come,
 Let's endure our Martyrdome.

¹ It has been discussed whether Herrick invented "St. Distaff" or not; but it is clearly of no consequence.

² "Petticoats."

• 1029. HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my *silver-footed Thamasis*.
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand:
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
 To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)
 No more shall I along thy christall glide,
 In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautif'd)
 With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chaste
 dispoſt)

To *Richmond, Kingstone*, and to *Hampton-
 Court*:

Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore:
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,
 Make way to my *Belov'd Westminster*:
 Or to the *Golden-cheap-side*, where the earth
 Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.
 May all clean *Nymphs* and curious water Dames,
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy
 streams:

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
 To make them leane, and languishing at all.
 No rustling winds come hither to disease
 Thy pure, and *Silver-wristed Naides*.
 Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye
 spring,

Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye
 never,

Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever*.

1030. PARDONS.

*THOSE ends in War the best contentment bring,
Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.*

1031. PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

*GREAT Cities seldome rest : If there be none
T' invade from far ; They'l finde worse foes at
home.*

1032. TRUTH AND ERROUR.

*TWIXT Truth and Errour, there's this difference
known,
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.*

1033. THINGS MORTALL, STILL MUTABLE.

*THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on ycie pavements we are set.*

1034. STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

*STUDIES themselves will languish and decay,
When either price, or praise is tūne away.*

1035. WIT PUNISHT, PROSPERS MOST.

*DREAD not the shackles : on with thine intent
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.*

1036. TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes
 With the cake full of plums,
 Where Beane's the *King* of the sport here;
 Beside we must know,
 The Pea also
 Must revell, as *Queene*, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,
 (This night as ye use)
 Who shall for the present delight here,
 Be a *King* by the lot,
 And who shall not
 Be Twelfe-day *Queene* for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
 Joy-sops with the cake;
 And let not a man then be seen here,
 Who unurg'd will not drinke
 To the base from the brink
 A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
 With gentle lamb's-wooll;
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale too;
 And thus ye must doe
 To make the wassa a swinger.

th
 Give then to k n King
 And Queene sailing:
 And though with ye be whet here;
 Yet part ye hence,
 As free from offence,
 As when ye innocent met here.

1037. HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull,
 When all the world with rifts is full :
 But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
 Whenas the roof's a-tottering :
 And, though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the *Citterne* with his quill.

1038. CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

KNOW when to speake; for many times it brings
 Danger, to give the best advice to Kings.

1039. MODERATION.

LET moderation on thy passions waite
 Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will
 hate.

1040. ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

*Still take advice; though counsels, when they
 flye
 At randome, sometimes hit mes' happily.*
Luc
r p.

1041. CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

*CONFORMITY gives credit, verbe to things :
 And equall shares ecele to all murmurings.*

1042. LAWES.

Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health,
Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.

1043. THE MEANE.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

1044. LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde ;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull
minde.

1045. HIS HOPE OR SEAT-ANCHOR.

Among these Tempests great and manifold
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry *Region*.

1046. COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great Crack not Crushes one, but all.

1047. TWILIGHT.

THE Twi-light is no other thing (we say)
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the
Day.

1048. FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the
Dead,
Do's but deride the Party buried.

1049. THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR
CONSENT MAKES THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

1050. DIET.

IF wholesome Diet can re-cure a man,
What need of Physick, or Physitian?

1051. SMART.

STRIPES justly given yerk us (with their fall)
But causelesse whipping smarte the most of all.

1052. THE TINKERS' SONG.

ALONG, come along,
 Let's meet in a throng
 Here of Tinkers;
 And quaffe up a Bowle
 As big as a Cowle
 To Beer Drinkers.
 The pole of the Hop
 Place in the Ale-shop
 To Bethwack us;
 If ever we think
 So much as to drink
 Unto *Bacchus*.
 Who frolick will be,
 For little cost he
 Must not vary,
 From Beer-broth at all,
 So much as to call
 For Canary.

1053. HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
 Is, that I never yet had wife;
 Nor will hereafter; since I know
 Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

1054. SINCERITY.

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure
 Whatever Liquor, in ye powre.

1055. TO ANTHEA.

SICK is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring,
 The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing:
 The while my deer *Anthea* do's but droop,
 The *Tulips*, *Lillies*, *Daffadills* do stoop;
 But when again sh'us got her healthfull houre,
 Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

1056. NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,
 For as I will not sell ye,
 So not one cross to buy thee
 Ile give, if thou deny me.

1057. TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND M. JO: WICKS.

SINCE shed or Cottage I have none,
 I sing the more, that thou hast one;
 To whose glad threshold, and free door
 I may a Poet come, though poor;
 And eat with thee a savory bit,
 Paying but common thanks for it.
 Yet sho'd I chance, my *Wicks* to see
 An over-leven-look on thee,
 To soure the Bread Sind turn the Beer
 To an exalted vinegar;
 Or sho'dst thou pri^{or} me as a Dish
 Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third daye's fish;
 I'de rather Hungry go and come,
 Then to thy house be Burdensome;
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be
 One that sho'd drop his *Beads* for thee.

1058. THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

*Who may do most, do's least : The bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.*

1059. AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

*DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;
After leaves, the tree must fall.*

1060. A GOOD DEATH.

*FOR^d truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill, that liveth well.*

1061. RECOMPENCE.

*WHO plants an Olive, but to eat the Oile ?
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.*

1062. ON 'FORTUNE.

*THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,
She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.*

1063. TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF
THE CIVILL LAW.¹

*I HAVE my Laurel Chapket on my head,
If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.*

¹ Sir George Parry was an advocate of Doctors' Commons and Chancellor of Exeter.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there
Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.

The meaner passe by, or over, none contemne;
The good applaud: the peccant lesse condemne,
Since *Absolution* you can give to them.

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique
sight;
And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right:
The first as *Doctor*, and the last as *Knight*.

1064. CHARMES.

THIS He tell ye by the way,
Maidens when ye Leavens lay,
Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch,
Will be better for your Batch.

1065. ANOTHER.

In the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care,
To disperse the water farre.
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keeps the evill Spright.

1066. ANOTHER.

If ye feare to be affrighted
When ye are (by chance) benighted:
In your Pocket for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a Crust:
For that holy piece of Bread
Charms the danger, and the dread.

1067. UPON GORGONIUS.¹

UNTO *Pastillus* ranke *Gorgonius* came,
To have a tooth twicht out of's native frame.
Drawn was his tooth : but stanke so, that some
say,
The Barber stopt his Nose, and ranne away.

1068. GENTLENESS.

*That Prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.*

1069. A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND
MISTRESSE ELIZA WHEELER, UNDER THE
NAME OF AMARILLIS.

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee;
For love or pitie let me know
The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In countrey Meadwes pearl'd with
Dew,
And set about with Lillies;
There tilling Maunds with Cowslips,
you
May find your *Amarillis*.

Her. What have the Meades to do with thee,
Or with thy youthfull houres?

¹ A curious slip of memory, referring to Horace,
Sat. i. 4. 92: "*Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius
hircum.*"

Live thou at Court, where thou mayst
be
The *Queen* of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine
With Poesies, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest Jemmes to shine,
And like the Starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A Shepheardess so homely ;
Her. Believe it (dearest) ther's not one
I'th' Court that's helpe so comly.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away ;
Let's kiss first, then we'l sever.

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,
Wee shall not part for ever,

1070. TO JULIA.

HELP me, *Julia*, for to pray,
Mattens sing, or Mattens say :
This I know, the Fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beest by.
Bring the Holy-water hither ;
Let us wash, and pray together :
When our Beads are thus united
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

1071. TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

ROSES, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lye,
Heat and moisture mixt are so,
As to make ye ever grow.

1072. TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION
PORTER.

WHEN to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see
The State of Poets there attending Thee :
Those *Bardes* and I, all in a *Chorus* sing,
We are Thy *Prophets*, Porter : *Thou our King.*

1073. SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear ; but
speak,
When a clear day, out of a Cloud do's break.

1074. OBEDIENCE.

THE Power of Princes rests in the Consent
Of onely those, who are obedient :
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient *Majesty.*

1075. ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

*No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He,
Who hath himselfe obaid the Soveraignty.*

1076. OF LOVE.

1. INSTRUCT me now, what love's will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.

1. Teach me besides, what love wil do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

1077. UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a Playèr turn'd a Priest now is ;
 Behold a suddaine *Metamorphosis*.
 If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the secan,
 And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

1078. UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his Wife and Children, while that
 they
 Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :
 But when they call or cry on *Grubs* for meat ;
Instead of Bread, *Grubs* gives them stones to eat.
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
 His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

1079. UPON DOL.

No question but *Dols* cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,
 Were they not basted by her either eye.

1080. UPON HOG.

Hog has a place i^th' Kitchen, and his share
 The flimsie Livers, and blew Gizzards are.

1081. THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE
MISTRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS,
MISTRESSE PORTMAN.¹

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see
 Out of my self that *Glorious Hierarchie* !
 Or whether those (in orders rare) or these
 Made up One State of *Sixtie Venuſes* ;
 Or whether *Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes* they were
 Or *Muses*, on their mountaine ſitting there ;
 Or ſome enchanted Place, I do not know
 (Or *Sharon*, where eternall *Roses* grow.)
 This I am ſure ; I Raviſht ſtood, as one
 Confus'd in utter Admiration.
 Me thought I ſaw them ſtir, and gently move,
 And look as all were capable of Love :
 And in their motion ſmelt much like to flowers
 Enſpir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & ſhowers.
 There did I ſee the *Reverend Rectreſſe* ſtand,
 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
 Thoſe ſpirits raviſ'd ; and with like precepts then,
 (As with a *Magick*) laid them all agen :
 (A happy Realme ! When no compulſive Law,
 Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)
 Live you, great *Miſtreſſe* of your Arts, and be
 A nursing Mother ſo to Maſteſty ;
 As thoſe your Ladies may in time be ſcene,
 For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.
 One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their
 new,
 And better Being, they receive from You.
 Man's former Birth is grace-leſſe ; but the ſtate
 Of life comes in, when he's *Regenerate*.

¹ This paragon was probably the Mary Portman noted by Dr. Grosart as buried at Putney on June 27, 1671, but not otherwiſe known.

1082. TO PERENNA.

THOU say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be,
Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

1083. ON HIMSELFE.

LET me not live, if I not love,
Since I as yet did never prove,
Where Pleasures met: at last, doe find,
All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

1084. ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe
cast.

1085. ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's hony has a dash of gall.

1086. UPON GUT.

SCIENCE puffs up, sayes *Gut*, when either Pease
Make him thus swell, or windy Cabbages.

1087. UPON CHUB.

WHEN *Chub* brings in his harvest, still he cries,
 Aha my boyes! here's wheat for Christmas
 Pies!
 Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,
 That at the tide, he has not bread to cate.

1088. PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE Pleasures* rule a Kingdome, never
 there,
 Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

1089. ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED Pilgrim, I have wandred here
 Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)
 Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)
 But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.
 Who by his gray Haires, doth his lusters tell,
 Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them
 well.

One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe
 three:

*He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

1090. TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.¹

READ thou my Lines, my *Swetnaham*, if there
 be

¹ The Swettenhams were and are an old Cheshire and North Wales family.

A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers
 please ;
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

1091. HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO
 JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?
 Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,
 After a day, or two, or three,
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?
 Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe ;
 This second Protestation now.
 Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,
 Which sits as Dew of Roses there :
 That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before
 Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.
 Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,
 I'm halfe return'd before I go.'

1092. ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,
 I can no longer stay ;
 The way of all Flesh is,
 That I must go this day :
 Since longer I can't live,
 My frolick Yonths adieu ;
 My Lamp to you Ile give,
 And all my troubles too.

1093. TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN
MASTER MICHAEL OULSWORTH.¹

NOR thinke that Thou in this my Booke art
worst,

Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those, that must live with Thee for evermore.
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt
see

In the next sheet, *Brave Man*, to follow Thee.
Fix on that Columne then, and never fall;
Held up by Fames *eternall Pedestall*.

1094. TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM
SPORTFULL.

ALAS! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome (aged now :)
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.
And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

1095. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

*Truth by her own simplicity is known ;
Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.*

1096. HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,
To chafe o'remuch the Virgin's cheek or eare :

¹ Oulsworth, or Oldisworth, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a rank Parliament man.

Beg for my Pardon, *Julia* ; *He doth winne
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*
That done, my *Julia*, dearest *Julia*, come,
And go with me to choose my Buriall roome :
My Fates are ended ; when thy *Herrick* dyes,
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his
Eyes.

1097. ON HIMSELFE.

ONE Eare tingles ; some there be,
That are snarling now at me :
Be they those that *Homer* bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

1098. UPON KINGS.

*Kings must be dauntlesse : Subjects will contemne
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.*

1099. TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON Wenches doe not bring
For my haire black colouring :
For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.

1100. UPON SPUR.

SPUR jingles now, and swears by no meane
oathes,
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay
cloathes :
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim ;

And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not
him:

As to the Goddess, people did conferre
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

1101. TO HIS BROTHER NICOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse scene, and
ease,

In Varnisht Maps; by'th' helpe of Compasses:
Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with
all

Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*)

Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries
farre;

And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate
This Kingdome's fortune, and that Empire's
fate:

Canst talke to us of *Sharon*; where a spring
Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.

Of *Sion*, *Sinai*, *Nebo*, and with them,

Make knowne to us the new *Jerusalem*.

The Mount of *Olives*; *Calverie*, and where

Is (and hast scene) thy *Saviour's Sepulcher*.

So that the man that will but lay his eares,

As *Inapostate*,¹ to the thing he heares,

Shall by his hearing quickly come to see

The truth of Travails lesse in bookes, then
Thee.

1102. THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice itselfe; but when we sing
To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

¹ "Not unbelieving."

1103. WARRE.

If Kings and kingdomes once distracted be,
The sword of war must trie the Sovereignty.

1104. A KING AND NO KING.

*THAT Prince, who may doe nothing but what's
just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on trust.*

1105. PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile;
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't
prevaile.

1106. FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a Prince? example
showes,
'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his
foes.

1107. UPON RUMPE.

RUMPE is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can
Steale a swolne sop out of the Dripping pan.

1108. UPON SHOFTER.

OLD Widow *Shofter*, whensoere she cryes,
Lets drip a certain Gravie from her eyes.

1109. UPON DEB.

IF felt and heard, (unseen) thou dost me
 please;
If seen, thou lik'st me, *Deb*, in none of these.

1110. EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish : keep the meane ; for why?
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

1111. UPON CROOT.

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of *Croot* ;
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

1112. THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon,
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

1113. UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

Flood, if he has for him and his a bit,
He sayes his fore and after Grace for it :

If meate he wants, then Grace he sayes to see
 His hungry belly borne by Legs *Jaile-free*.
 Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,
 To this our poore, yet ever patient *Flood*.

1114. UPON PIMPE.

WHEN *Pimpe's* feet sweat (as they doe often
 use)
 There springs a soap-like-lather in his shoos.

1115. UPON LUSKE.

IN Deu'-shire Kerzie *Lusk* (when he was dead)
 Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.
 When his Assignes askt him the reason why?
 He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

1116. FOOLISHNESSE.

IN's *Tusc'lanes*, *Tullie* doth confesse,
 No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

1117. UPON RUSH.

RUSH saves his shoos, in wet and snowie
 wether;
 And feares in summer to weare out the lether:
 This is strong thrift that warie *Rush* doth use
 Summer and Winter still to save his shoos.

1118. ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

1119. NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

1120. SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no reliefe,
An equall mind is the best sauce for grieve.

1121. TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden thou a shaft of gold;
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with
cold.

Let's trie of us who shall the first expire;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire:
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,
And bring to th' heart destruction both alike.*

1122. DISTRUST.

WHATEVER men for Loyalty pretend,
'Tis Wisdome's part to doubt a faithfull friend.

1123. THE HAGG.

THE staffe is now greas'd :
 And very well pleas'd,
 She cockes out her Arse at the parting,
 To an old Ram Goat,
 That rattles i'th' throat,
 Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie Haire-lace
 She leads on a brace
 Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;
 Who scratch at the Moone,
 And threaten at noone
 Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

A-hunting she goes ;
 A crackt horne she blowes ;
 At which the hounds fall a-bounding ;
 While th' Moone in her sphere
 Peepes trembling for feare,
 And night's afraid of the sounding.

1124. THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,
 Here with the sweet *Pierides*.
 But if so be that men will not
 Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;
 Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one
 Not subject to corruption.

1125. ON HIMSELFE.

I'L'E write no more of Love ; but now repent
 Of all those times that I in it have spent.
 Ile write no more of life ; but wish 'twas ended,
 And that my dust was to the earth commended.

1126. TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE thou forth, my booke, though late ;
 Yet be timely fortunate.
 It may chance good-luck may send
 Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
 That may harbour thee, when I,
 With my fates neglected lye.
 If thou know'st not where to dwell,
 See, the fier's by : *Farewell.*

1127. THE END OF HIS WORKE.

PART of the worke remaines ; one part is past,
 And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

1128. TO CROWNE IT.

My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !
 The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

1129. ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done : young men and maidens,
 set
 Upon my curls the *Mirtle Coronet*,

Washt with sweet ointments; Thus at last I
 come
 To suffer in the Muses' *Martyrdome* :
 But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
 The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

1130. THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME's pillar here, at last, we set,
 Out-during *Marble, Brasse, or Jet*,
 Charm'd and enchanted so,
 As to withstand the blow,
 Of overthrow,
 Nor shall the seas,
 OF OUTRAGES
 Of storms orebear
 What we up-rear :
 Tho Kingdoms fal,
 This pillar never shall
 Decline or waste at all ;
 But stand for ever by his owne
 Firme and well - fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have
 plac't,
Jocond his Muse was ; but his Life was chaste.

HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:

and sighes for his *Saviours* suffering
on the *Crosse*.

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.

Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.



LONDON.

Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield.

1647.

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES.

HIS CONFESSION. [1131.]

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire ;
And as our bad, more then our good Works are,
Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous : Men are
prone
To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

II. HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION. [1132.]

For Those my unbaptized Rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times ;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me, God, and blot each Line
Out of my Book, that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
Worthy thy Benediction ;
That One of all the rest, shall be
The Glory of my Work, and Me.

III. TO FINDE GOD. [1133.]

WEIGH me the Fire ; or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the Wind ;
 Distinguish all those Floods that are
 Mixt in the watrie Theater ;
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
 As in their Channell first they were.
 Tell me the People that do keep¹
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him
 That rides the glorious *Cherubim*.

IV. WHAT GOD IS. [1134.]

God is above the sphere of our esteem,
 And is the best known, not desiring Him.

V. UPON GOD. [1135.]

God is not onely said to be
 An *Ens*,² but *Supraentitie*.

¹ "Dwell," a sense retained in Herrick's *University*.

² "Being," scholastically. *Supraentitie*, that which is above being.

VI. MERCY AND LOVE. [1136.]

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move,
The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :
Under the first the Sinners ever trust;
And with the last he still directs the Just.

VII. GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.
[1137.]

GOD when He's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation ;
And when we think His looks are sowre and
grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

VIII. GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED. [1138.]

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

IX. GOD'S PART. [1139.]

PRAYERS and Praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

X. AFFLICTION. [1140.]

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
Though He may seem to over-act His part :

Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can
 beare;
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

XI. THREE FATAL SISTERS. [1141.]

THREE fatal Sisters wait upon each sin ;
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt
 within.

XII. SILENCE. [1142.]

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

XIII. MIRTH. [1143.]

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

XIV. LOADING AND UNLOADING. [1144.]

God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

XV. GODS MERCY. [1145.]

Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean :
Which though it sends forth thousand streams,
 'tis ne're

Known, or els seen to be the emptier;
 And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
 Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

XVI. PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE. [1146.]

God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,¹
 And want their Poise: words ought to have
 their weight.

XVII. TO GOD: AN ANTHEM, SUNG IN THE
 CHAPPELL AT WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE
 KING. [1147.]

Verse. MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,
 And sore without, and sick within:

Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find
 Salve for my body, and my mind.

Verse. In *Gilead* though no Balme be found,
 To ease this smart, or cure this
 wound;

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with
 • Thee

All saving health, and help for me.

Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of
 Thine,

That powres in oyle, as well as wine.

Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'll endure
 The utmost smart, so Thou wilt
 cure.

¹ It is not impossible that Herrick thought
 "sleight" and "slight" to be etymologically akin;
 but they do not seem to be so.

XVIII. UPON GOD. [1148.]

GOD is all fore-part; for, we never see
Any part backward in the Deitie.

XIX. CALLING, AND CORRECTING. [1149.]

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call,
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

XX. NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING. [1150.]

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares;
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

XXI. THE ROD. [1151.]

GOD's Rod doth watch while men do sleep, &
then
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

XXII. GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART. [1152.]

GOD when for sin He makes His Children
smart,
His own He acts not, but another's part:
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis
known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

XXIII. GOD IS ONE. [1153.]

God, as He is most Holy knowne ;
So He is said to be most One.

XXIV. PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE. [1154.]

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer :
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

XXV. To GOD. [1155.]

Do with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with
John
(Who writ that heavenly *Revelation*) ;
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder
heare ;
Then let the Harp's inchantments strike mine
care ;
Here give me thornes ; there, in thy Kingdome,
set
Upon my head the golden coronet ;
There give me day ; but here my dreadfull
night :
My sackcloth here ; but there my *Stole* of white.

XXVI. WHIPS. [1156.]

God has His whips here to a twofold end,
The bad to punish, and the good to amend.

XXVII. GODS PROVIDENCE. [1157.]

If all transgressions here should have their pay,
 What need there then be of a reek'ning day?
 If God should punish no sin, here, of men,
 His Providence who would not question then?

XXVIII. TEMPTATION. [1158.]

THOSE Saints, which God loves best,
 The Devill tempts not least.

XXIX. HIS EJACULATION TO GOD. [1159.]

My God! looke on me with Thine eye
 Of pittie, not of scrutinie;
 For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
 Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.
 O then! for mercie's sake, behold
 These my irruptions¹ manifold;
 And heale me with Thy looke, or touch:
 But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,
 Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
 Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

XXX. GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED. [1160.]

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers
 His gifts, to exercise Petitioners:
 And though a while He makes Requesters
 stay,
 With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

¹ *Sic* in original: but Herriek can hardly have meant it.

.XXXI. PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE. [1161.]

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,
 To make, not marre her, by this punishment:
 So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,
 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

XXXII. PARDON. [1162.]

GOD pardons those, who do through frailty sin;
 But never those that persevere therein.

XXXIII. AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR. [1163.]

1. IN Numbers, and but these few,
 I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU!
 Thou prettie-Babie, borne here,
 With sup'rabundant scorn here:
 Who for Thy Princely Port here,
 Hadst for Thy place
 Of Birth, a base
 Out-stable for thy Court here.
2. Instead of neat Inclosures •
 Of inter-woven Osiers;
 Instead of fragrant Posies
 Of Daffadills, and Roses;
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As Gospell tells,
 Was nothing els,
 But, here, a homely manger.

3. But we with Silks, (not Crewels,¹)
 With sundry precious Jewells,
 And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;
 And as we dispossesse Thee
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
 Sweet Babe, for Thee,
 Of Ivorie,
 And plaister'd round with Amber.
4. The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,
 But we will entertaine Thee
 With Glories to await here
 Upon Thy Princely State here,
 And more for love, then pittie.
 From yeere to yetre
 Wee'l make Thee, here,
 A Free-born of our Citie.

XXXIV. LIP-LABOUR. [1164.]

IN the old Scripture I have often read,
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offered
 To figure to us, nothing more then this,
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

XXXV. THE HEART. [1165.]

IN Prayer the Lips nee'r act the winning part,
 Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

¹ "Embroidering wools"; Herrick spelt it, "cruells," and may have meant a pun.

XXXVI. EARE-RINGS. [1166.]

WHY wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
When we obey, by acting what we heare.

XXXVII. SIN SEEN. [1167.]

WHENCE once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

XXXVIII. UPON TIME. [1168.]

TIME was upon
The wing, to flie away ;
 And I cal'd on
Him but awhile to stay ;
 But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say

He held out then,
A Writing, as he went ;
 And askt me, when
False man would be content
 To pay agen,
What God and Nature lent.

 An houre-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
 As he did passe,
He shew'd and told me too,
 Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

xxxix. His PETITION. [1169.]

IF warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,
 As for to beg my bread from doore to doore;
 Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,
 Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
 He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,
 Without due reverence, playes the cheater's
 game.

xl. To GOD. [1170.]

THOU hast promis'd Lord, to be
 With me in my miserie;
 Suffer me to be so bold,
 As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

xli. His LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.
 [1171.]

1. In the houre of my distresse,
 When temptations me oppresse,
 And when I my sins confesse,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!
2. When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomforted,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

4. When the artlesse Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his Fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
5. When his Potion and his Pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
6. When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the Furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
7. When the tapers now burne blew,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
8. When the Priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayd;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
9. When (God knowes) I'm tost about,
Either with despaire, or doubt;
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
10. When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
11. When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine cares, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

12. When the Judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

XLII. THANKSGIVING. [1172.]

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite
 God to bestow a second benefit.

XLIII. COCK-CROW. [1173.]

BELL-MAN of Night,¹ if I about shall go
 For to denie my Master, do thou crow.
 Thou stop'st *S. Peter* in the midst of sin
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin;
 Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun
 A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

XLIV. ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE
 RIGHTEOUS. [1174.]

ADVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on
 Here, for the righteous man's salvation:
 Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
 All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

XLV. PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE. [1175.]

AFFICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
 When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

¹ A phrase borrowed from Spenser.

XLVI. To God. [1176.]

I'LE come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost threat,)
 Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat:
 When I am there, this then I'le do,
 Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too;
 Next, when I have my faults confest,
 Naked I'le shew a sighing breast;
 Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,
 Then let Thy Justice do the rest,
 And strike it through.

XLVII. A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS
HOUSE. [1177.]

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house, whose humble Roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the sparres of which I lie
 Both soft, and drie;
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a Guard
 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my doore
 Is worn by th' poore,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words, or meat:
 Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall
 And Kitchen's small:
 A little Butterie, and therein
 A little Byn,

Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
 Unchipt, unflead : ¹
 Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The Pulse is Thine,
 And all those other Bits, that bee
 There plac'd by Thee ;
 The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe
 Of water-cresse,
 Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;
 And my content
 Makes those and my belovèd Beet, ¹
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth ;
 And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soiles my land ;
 And giv'st me, for my Bushel sowne,
 Twice ten for one :
 Thou mak'st my teening Hen to lay
 Her egg each day :
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare
 Me twins each yeare :
 The while the conduits of my Kine
 Run Creame, (for Wine.)
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thapkful heart ;

Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

XLVIII. To God. [1178.]

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,
Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;
And be the blow too what it will,
Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
Yet, in torments, I'll commend Thee :
Examine me with fire, and prove me
To the full, yet I will love Thee :
Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,
But I as patient will be found.

XLIX. ANOTHER, TO GOD. [1179.]

LORD, do not beat me,
Since I do sob and crie,
And swowne away to die,
Ere Thou dost threat me.
Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

L. NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE. [1180.]

HAPPY's that man, to whom God gives
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives
Neer to the wishes of his heart :
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

LI. TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD. [1181.]

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these
 So very-many-meeting hindrances,
 That slack my pace; but yet not make me stay?
 Who slowly goes, rids' (in the end) his way.
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my
 miles,
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles:
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
 And take me up; or els prevent the fall.
 I kenn my home; and it affords some ease,
 To see far off the smoaking Villages,
 Fain would I rest; yet covet not to die,
 For feare of future-biting penurie:
 No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

LII. ANOTHER. [1182.]

THOU bidst me come; I cannot come; for why,
 Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
 To mount my Soule, she must have pinecons
 given;
 For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

LIII. TO DEATH. [1183.]

THOU bidst me come away,
 And I'll no longer stay,
 Then for to shed some teares
 For faults of former yeares;

Rids, "gets rid of" or "rides"?

And to repent some crimes,
 Done in the present times :
 And next, to take a bit
 Of Bread, and Wine with it :
 To d'on my robes of love,
 Fit for the place above ;
 To gird my loynes about
 With charity throughout ;
 And so to travaile hence
 With feet of innocence :
 These done, I'le onely crie
God mercy ; and so die.

• LIV. NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME. [1184.]

GOD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall
 Down before *Baal, Bel, or Belial* :
 Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,
 Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

LIV. WELCOME WHAT COMES. [1185.]

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall :
 Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

LVI. TO HIS ANGRIE GOD. [1186.]

THROUGH all the night
 Thou dost me fright,
 And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;
 And day, by day,
 My Cup can say,
 My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
 With ashes knead,
 Each evening and each morrow :
 Mine eye and eare
 Do see, and heare
 The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
 (Ay me!) I feele,
 Upon me beating ever :
 While my sick heart
 With dismall smart
 Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
 This can't endure ;
 But in short time 'twill please Thee,
 My gentle God,
 To burn the rod,
 Or strike so as to ease me.

LVII. PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES
 [1187.]

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
 Yet none of these have made me sad :
 For why, my Saviour, with the sense
 Of suffering gives me patience.

LVIII. ETERNITIE. [1188.]

1 O YEARES! and Age! Farewell:
 Behold I go,
 Where I do know
 Infinitie to dwell.

2. And these mine eyes shall see
 All times, how they
 Are lost 'i th' Sea
 Of vast Eternitie.
3. Where never Moone shall sway
 The Starres ; but she,
 And Night, shall be
 Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

LIX. TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT,
 BY A CHILD. [1189.]

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower
 Unto thy little Saviour ;
 And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,
 He is the *Rose of Sharon* known :
 When thou hast said so, stick it there
 Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher :
 And tell Him, (for good handsell too)
 That thou hast brought a Whistle new,
 Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
 To charme His cries, (at time of need :)
 Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none ;
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;
 But poore, thou art, and knowne to be
 Even as monillesse, as He.
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
 From those mellifluous lips of His ;
 Then never take a second on,
 To spoile the first impression.

LX. THE NEW-YEERES GIFT. [1190.]

LET others looke for Pearle and Gold,
 Tissues, or Tabbies manifold :

One onely lock of that sweet Hay
 Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
 Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
 The richest New-yeere's Gift to me.

LXI. TO GOD. [1191.]

If any thing delight me for to print
 My Book, 'tis this: that *Thou, my God, art in't.*

LXII. GOD, AND THE KING. [1192.]

How am I bound to Two! God who doth give,
 The mind; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

LXIII. GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING. [1193.]

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy
 fears:
 What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with
 tears.

LXIV. HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES. [1194.]

GIVE me Honours! what are these,
 But the pleasing hindrances?
 Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
 In the way 'twixt me, and home:
 Cleer the walk, and then shall I
 To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

LXV. THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

[1196.]

To a Love-Feast we both invited are:
 The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,
 Over the Golden Altar now is spread,
 With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnishèd;
 The *sacred Towell*, and the *holy Ewe*
 Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure:
 Let's go (my *Alma*)¹ yet, e're we receive,
 Fit, fit it is, we have our *Parasceve*.²
 Who to that *sweet Bread* unprepar'd doth come,
 Better he starv'd, then but to taste one crumme.

LXVI. TO GOD. [1196.]

God gives not onely corne, for need,
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed;
 Bread for our service, bread for shew;
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too:
 He gives not poorly, taking some
 Between the finger, and the thumb;
 But, for our glut, and for our store,
 Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

LXVII. A WILL TO BE WORKING. [1197.]

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit
 Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it:
 And howsoe're we have the conquest mist;
 'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

¹ *Alma*: I think intenc'd as a proper name.

² The *Parasceve*, for the *Passover*.

LXVIII. CHRIST'S PART. [1198.]

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,
 To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes:
 Give Him the choice; grant Him the nobler
 part
 Of all the House: the best of all's the Heart.

LXIX. RICHES AND POVERTY. [1199.]

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore;
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore:
 Had all been rich, where then had Patience
 been?
 Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen?

LXX. SOBRIETY IN SEARCH. [1200.]

To seek of God more then we well can find,
 Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

LXXI. ALMES. [1201.]

GIVE, if thou canst, an Almes: if not, afford,
 Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word:
God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

LXXII. TO HIS CONSCIENCE. [1202.]

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
 My private *Prætonotarie*?
 Can I not wooe thee to passe by

A short and sweet iniquity ?
 I'll cast a mist and cloud, upon
 My delicate transgression,
 So utter dark, as that no eye
 Shall see the hug'd impietie :
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,
 And winde ¹ all other witnesses :
 And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd
 To lay thy pen and ink aside ?
 That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,
 Wanton I may, and thou not write ?
 It will not be : And, therefore, now,
 For times to come, I'll make this Vow,
 From aberrations to live free ;
 So I'll not feare the Judge, or thee.

LXXIII. TO HIS SAVIOUR. [1203.]

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
 To purify this my *Augean* stable :
 Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,
 Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

LXXIV. TO GOD. [1204.]

GOD is all-suffraunce here ; here He doth show
 No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow :
 His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd
 Against the wicked, in another world.

LXXV. HIS DREAME. [1205.]

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse
 Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;

¹ In the sense of "turn," "control."

And powring still Thy wealthy store,
 The vessell full, did then run ore :
 Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd
 By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed
 Oft-times for wast, as for his need.
 Then I co'd say, that house is bare,
 That has not bread, and some to spare.

LXXVI. GODS BOUNTY. [1206.]

GODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,
 As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

LXXVII. TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR. [1207.]

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;
 And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
 The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
 Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :
 Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare ;
 Cail, and I'll come ; say Thou, the when, and
 where ;
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,
 And make no one stop, till my race be done.

LXXVIII. HIS CREED. [1208.]

I do believe, that die I must,
 And be return'd from out my dust:
 I do believe, that when I rise,
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:
 I do believe, that I must come,
 With others, to the dreadfull Doome:
 I do believe, the bad must goe
 From thence, to everlasting woe:
 I do believe, the good, and I,
 Shall live with Him eternally:
 I do believe, I shall inherit
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit:
 I do believe, the One in Three,
 And Three in perfect Unitie:
 Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed
 Of Gift from God: *And here's my Creed.*

LXXIX. TEMPTATIONS. [1209.]

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse:
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

LXXX. THE LAMP. [1210.]

WHEN a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead;
 Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguish'd.

LXXXI. SORROWES. [1211.]

SORROWES our portion are: Ere hence we goe,
 Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.

LXXXII. PENITENCIE. [1212.]

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

LXXXIII. THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER:
SUNG BY THE VIRGINS. [1213.]

1. O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
 Above the rest
Of all the Maiden-Train ! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.
2. Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will
 The Daffadill,
And other flowers, lay upon
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.
3. Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,
Of Daughters all, the Dearest Deere ;
The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen,
 Of this smooth Green,
And all sweet Meades ; from whence we get
The Primrose, and the Violet.
4. Too soon, too deere did *Jephthah* buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty :
His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet
 Thou paid'st the debt :
Lamented Maid ! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

5. Thy Father brought with him along
The Olive branch, and Victor's Song :
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe ;
And in the purchase of our Peace,
The Cure was worse then the Disease.
6. For which obedient zeale of thine,
We offer here, before thy Shrine,
Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine ;
And to make fine,
And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, hero,
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.
7. Receive, for this thy praise, our teares :
Receive this offering of our Haires :
Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd
With teares, distil'd
From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,
Each Maid, her silver Filleting,
8. To guild thy Tombe ; besides, these Caules,¹
These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,²
These Veiles, wherewith we used to hide
The Bashfull Bride,
When we conduct her to her Groome :
And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.
9. No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e're bring coy Brides to bed ;
No more, at yeerly Festivalls
We Cowslip balls,
Or chaines of Columbines shall make,
For this, or that occasions sake.
- I. No, no ; our Maiden-pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee :

Nets for the hair.

² " Falls," veils.

'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave:
Or, if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

11. Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice ;
And make this place all Paradise :
May Sweets grow here! & smoke from hence,
Fat Frankincense :
Let Balme and Cassia send their scent
From out thy Maiden-Monument.
12. May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir
A wing about thy Sepulcher !
No boysterous winds, or storn.es, come
hither,
To starve, or wither
Thy soft sweet Earth ! but (like a spring)
Love keep it ever flourishing.
13. May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth, to strew thy Tombewith flow'rs :
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-Incense burn
Upon thine Altar ! then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

LXXXIV. TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE. [1214.]

WHAT though my Harp, and Violl be
Both hung upon the Willow-tree ?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darknesse have ?
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,
And I lie numbred with the dead ?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring ; though now a wither'd flower.

LXXXV. SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D. [1215.]

*SHAME checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis
prov'd,
Sins first distlik'd, are after that belov'd.*

LXXXVI. SIN. [1216.]

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
The following plague still treading on his heels.

LXXXVII. UPON GOD. [1217.]

GOD when He takes my goods and chattels
hence,
Gives me a portion, giving patience :
What is in God is God ; if so it be,
He patience gives ; He gives himselfe to me.

LXXXVIII. FAITH. [1218.]

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit :
By Faith we shall walk here, not by the Spirit.

LXXXIX. HUMILITY. [1219.]

HUMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go :
High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :
Grace is increased by humility.

XC. TEARES. [1220.]

OUR present Teares here (not our present
 laughter)
 Are but the handsells of our joyes hercafter.

XCI. SIN AND STRIFE. [1221.]

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strifo
 Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

XCII. AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD. [1222.]

DEER God,
 If thy smart Rod
 Here did not make me sorrie,
 I sho'd not be
 With Thine, or Thee,
 In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since
 Thou didst convince
 My sinnes, by gently striking;
 Add still to those
 First stripes, new' blowes,
 According to Thy liking.

Feare me,
 Or scourging teare me;
 That thus from vices driven,
 I may from Hell
 Flie up, to dwell
 With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

XCIII. GRACES, FOR CHILDREN. [1223.]

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :
 Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
 God be thank'd for those, and these :
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,
 All are Fragments from His dish.
 He His Church save, and the King,
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,
 Make it ever flourishing.

XCIV. GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D. [1224.]

HONOUR thy Parents ; but good manners call
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

XCV. ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD. [1225.]

HERE a little child I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand ;
 Cold as Paddocks¹ though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a Benizon to fall
 On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

XCVI. A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING
 IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL. [1226.]

Chor. WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,
 'Then a Caroll, for to sing

¹ Paddocks = "frogs."

The Birth of this our heavenly King?
 Awake the Voice! awake the String!
 Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing
 Awake! the while the active Finger
 Runs division with the Singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
 And give the honour to this Day,
 That sees *December* turn'd to *May*.
2. If we may ask the reason, say;
 The why, and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?
3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne
 Smile, like a field beset with corne?
 Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne.
 Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and
 see

The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
 'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth
 Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
 To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

Ochor. We see Him come, and know him ours,
 Who, with His Sun-shine, and His
 showers,
 Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,
 And fit it is, we finde a roome
 To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
 Of all the house here, is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give Him ; and bequeath
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,
To do Him honour ; who's our King,
And Lord of all this Revelling.

The Musickall Part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.

XCVII. THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUM-
CISIONS SONG, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE
PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL. [1227.]

1. PREPARE for Songs ; He's come, He's come ;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
2. Cast Holy Water all about,
And have a care no fire gos out,
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.
3. The Altars all on fier be ;
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,
How heart and hand do all agree,
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less
sweet then He.
4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou seest
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,
And hear'st His whim'pring, and His cries ;
How caust thou this Babe circuncise ?
5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;
For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,
Which makes the Bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,
The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the work
God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here
 Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;
 And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,
 May Roses grow, to crown His own deare
 Head.

Chor. Back, back again ; each thing is done
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;
 Now singing, homeward let us carrie
 The Babe unto His Mother *Marie* ;
 And when we have the Child com-
 mended
 To her warm bosome, then our Rites are
 ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes. .

xcviii. ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG
 FOR THE CIRCUMCISION. [1228.]

1. HENCE, hence prophane, and none ap-
 peare
 With any thing uphallowed, here ;
 No jot of Leven must be found
 Conceal'd in this most holy Ground ;
 2. What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin,
 Leave that without, then enter in ;
- Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin
 Before ye purge, and circuncise
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and
 eyes.
3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see
 That all things sweet and clean may be :

For, here's a Babe, that (like a *Bride*)
Will *blush to death*, if ought be spi'd
Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

Chor. The room is cens'd : help, help t'invoke
Heaven to come down, the while we
choke
The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth
Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and
Earth ;

5. And softly handle Him : y'ad need,
Because the *prettie Babe* do's bleed.
Poore-pittied Child ! Who from Thy
Stall
Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that
shall
Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe : And, as we sing
His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

Chor. Long may He live, till He hath told
His New-yeeres trebled to His old :
And, when that's done, to re-aspire
A new-borne *Phoenix* from His own chast fire.

XCIX. GOD'S PARDON. [1229.]

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasses here ;
For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.

c. SIN. [1230.]

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

CI. EVILL. [1231.]

EVILL no Nature hath; the losse of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

CII. THE STAR-SONG : A CAROLL TO THE KING;
SUNG AT WHITE-HALL. [1232.]

The flourish of Musick: then followed the Song.

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly
Tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies He the Lillie-banks among?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst
cleere
All doubts, and manifest the where.
3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall
seek
Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of Spices through,
To find him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come, and see Him rest
A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

Chor. He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,
 Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground;
 And all rejoyce, that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
 Unto our prettie *Twelfth-Tide King*,
 Each one his severall offering;

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give Him
 wassailing;
 And that His treble Honours may be seen,
 Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother
 Queen.

CIII. To GOD. [1233.]

WITH golden Censers, and with Incense, here,
 Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,
 To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see
 In, or without; all, all belongs to Thee:
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one
 Least loane of Thine, half Restitution?
 Alas! I cannot pay a jot; therefore
 I'll kisse the Tally, and confesse the score.
 Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost
 write:
 'Tis true, my God; *but I can't pay one mite.*

CIV. To HIS DEERE GOD. [1234.]

I'LE hope no more,
 For things that will not come:
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome;
 Wealth brings much woe:

And, since it fortunes so ;
 'Tis better to be poore,
 Than so t'abound,
 As to be drown'd,
 Or overwhelm'd with store.

 Pale care, avant,
 I'le learn to be content
 With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.
 What may conduce
 To my most healthfull use,
 Almighty God me grant ;
 But that, or this,
 That hurtfull is,
 Denie thy suppliant.

cv. TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL. [1235.]

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
 O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants
 the deed.
 Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks'
 thighs,
 There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
 Take then his Vowes, who, 'it he had it, would
 Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and
 gold,
 Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd
 Both with the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond*.

cvi. ON HEAVEN. [1236.]

PERMIT mine eyes to see
 Part, or the whole of Thee,

O happy place!
 Where all have Grace,
 And Garlands shar'd,
 For their reward;
 Where each chaste Soule
 In long white stole,
 And Palmes in hand,
 Do ravisht stand;
 So in a ring,
 The praises sing
 Of Three in One,
 That fill the Throne;
 While Harps, and Violls then
 To Voices, say, *Amen.*

CVII. THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.
 [1237.]

LAST night I drew up mine Account,
 And found my Debts to amount
 To such a height, as for to tell
 How I sho'd pay, 's impossible:
 Well, this I'll do; my mighty score
 Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before;
 But therewith all I'll bring the Band,
 Which, in full force, did daring¹ stand,
 Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)
 Made void for millions, as for me.
 Then, if Thou bidst me pay,² or go
 Unto the prison, I'll say, no;
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:
 For, this is sure, the Debt is dead
 By Law, the Bond once *cancellèd*.

¹ Daring - "scaring"; most used of the plan of catching larks by using bits of looking-glass and nets.

CVIII. GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST. [1238.]

God makes not good men wantons, but doth
 bring
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing;
 With trialls those, with terrors these He
 proves,
 And hazards those most, whom the most He
 loves;
 For *Sceva*, darts; for *Cocles*, dangers; thus
 He finds a fire for mighty *Mutius*;
 Death for stout *Cato*; and besides all these,
 A poyson too He has for *Socrates*;
 Torments for high *Attilius*; and, with want,
 Brings in *Fabricius* for a Combatant:
 But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
 He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

CIX. GOOD CHRISTIANS. [1239.]

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,
 Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

CX. THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE. [1240.]

WHEN man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,
 Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

CXI. TO HEAVEN. [1241.]

OPEN thy gates
 To him, who weeping waits,

And might come in,
 But that held back by sin.
 Let mercy be
 So kind, to set me free,
 • And I will strait
 Come in, or force the gate.

CXII. THE RECOMPENCE. [1242.]

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me;
 And fare it well: yet *Herrick*, if so be
 Thy Dearest Saviour renders thee but one
 Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

CXIII. To GOD. [1243.]

PARDON me God, (once more I Thee intreat)
 That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,
 Where round about Thou seest but all things
 vaine,
 Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
 But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye
 Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;
 So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure
 look,
 But take no tincture from my sinfull Book:
 Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,
 And that will make me, and my Work divine.

CXIV. To GOD. [1244.]

LORD, I am like to *Misletoe*,
 Which has no root, and cannot grow,

Or prosper, but by that same tree
 It clings about; so I by Thee.
 What need I then to feare at all,
 So long as I about Thee craule?
 But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,
 Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

CXV. HIS WISH TO GOD. [1245.]

I WOULD to God, that mine old age might have
 Before my last, but here a living grave,
 Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or
 stir,
 Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher;
 A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
 To hold things fitting my necessity;
 Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and
 place,
 Might me excite to fore and after-grace.
 Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes"
 sho'd be,
 Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
 So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
 Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; *so end.*

CXVI. SATAN. [1246.]

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
 He teares and tugs us, then he did before;
 Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
 Whom ease makes his, without the help of
 blowes.

CXVII. HELL. [1247.]

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse¹ pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

CXVIII. THE WAY. [1248.]

WHEN I a ship see on the Seas,
Cuft with those watrie savages,
And therewithall, behold, it hath
In all that way no beaten path;
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
Thou art our way i'th' wildernesse:
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

CXIX. GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY. [1249.]

THE lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease,
The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

CXX. HELL. [1250.]

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer
abounds,
But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

CXXI. THE BELL-MAN. [1251.]

ALONG the dark, and silent night,
With my Lantern, and my Light,

¹ Soundless = "beyond sounding."

And the tinkling of my Bell,
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :
 Death and dreadfulness call on,
 To the gen'ral Session ;
 To whose dismall Barre, we there
 All accompts must come to cleere :
 Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
 Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.
 Rise, ye Debtors, then, and fall
 To make paiement, while I call.
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;
 By the clock 'tis almost *One*.

CXXII. THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD. [1252.]

WHEN Winds and Seas do rage,
 And threaten to undo me,
 Thou dost their wrath asswage,
 If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
 Did seek my soule to swallow,
 But by the peep of light
 A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,
 Though ills stand round about me ;
 Since mischiefs neither dare
 To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

CXXIII. THE WIDDOWES TEARES: OR, DIRGE
 OF DORCAS. [1253.]

1. COME pitie us, all ye, who see
 Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree:

Come pitie us, ye Passers by,
 Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :
 Come pitie us ; and bring your eares,
 And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither ;
 Then we will keep
 A Fast, and weep
 Our eyes out all together.

2. For *Tabitha*, who dead lies here,
 Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;
 O modest Matrons, weep and waile !
 For now the Corne and Wine must faile :
 The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,
 Wherewith so many soules were fed

Chor. Stand empty here for ever :
 And ah ! the Poore,
 At thy worne Doore,
 Shall be releevèd never.

Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,
 That reav'd us of thee *Tabitha* !
 For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,
 The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale
 Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,
 That thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

Chor. All's gone, and Death hath taken
 Away from us
 Our Maundie ; thus,
 Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

4. Ah *Dorcas*, *Dorcas* ! now adieu
 We bid the Creuse and Pannier too ;
 I and the flesh, for and ¹ the fish,
 Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.

¹ "For and," cf. "but and," and other similar phrases.

We take our leaves now of the Loom,
From whence the house-wives' cloth did
come :

Chor. The web affords now nothing ;
Thou being dead,
The woosted thred
Is cut, that made us clothing.

5. Farewell the Flax and Reaming¹ wooll,
With which thy house was plentiful.
Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and
The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.
Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,
That ne're went out by Day or Night :

Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
That found a way
By peep of day,
To feed and cloth the Needy.

6. But, ah, alas ! the Almond Bough,
And Olive Branch is wither'd now.
The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,
The Saffron and the Calamus.²
The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,
The Storax and the Cynamon.

Chor. The Caroll of our gladnesse
Ha's taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

7. How wise wast thou in all thy waies !
How worthy of respect and praise !
How Matron-like didst thou go drest !
How soberly above the rest.

¹ Reaming has two senses, (1) "foaming," "mantling," (2) "shredded," "ravell'd," both of which are applicable.

Calamus, sweet-scented reed.

Of those that prank it with their Plumes;
And jet¹ it with their choice perfumes.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing:
Nor did the street
Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

8. And though thou here li'st dead, we see
A deale of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffusèd grace!
Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse,
white,

And comely as the Chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Cleane heap of wheat
All set about with Lillies.

9. Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will shew these garments made by thee;
These were the Coats, in these are read
The monuments of *Dorcas* dead.
These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have
These hung, as honours o're thy Grave:

Chor. And after us (distressèd)
Sho'd fame be dumb;
Thy very Tomb
Would cry out *Thou art*
blessèd.

CXXIV. TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.
[1254.]

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me;
But if it please my God, I be

¹ Jet, "strut," "throw the body forward."

Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankfull still for it.
I have been gratefull for my store :
Let me say grace when there's no more.

CXXV. TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS
GIFT. [1255.]

THAT little prettie bleeding part
Of Foreskin send to me :
And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,
For New-years gift to Thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,
Mine's faulty too, and small :
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,
Because I send Thee *all*.

CXXVI. DOOMES-DAY. [1256.]

LET not that Day God's Friends and Servants
scare :
The Bench is then their place ; and not the
Barre.

CXXVII. THE POORES PORTION. [1257.]

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore :
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't
But he takes tole of ? all the Griest.
Two raiments have I : *Christ* then makes
This Law ; that He and I part stakes.
Or have I two loaves ; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

CXXVIII. THE WHITE ISLAND: OR PLACE OF
THE BLEST. [1258.]

In this world (the *Isle of Dreames*)
While we sit by sorrowes streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames
Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternitie
Uniting :

In that *whiter Island*, where
Things are evermore sincere ;
Candor here, and lustre there
Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horreur call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep ;
But eternall watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortaliz'd, and you ;
And fresh joyes, as never too
Have ending.

CXXIX. TO CHRIST. [1259.]

I CRAWLE, I creep ; my *Christ*, I come
To Thee, for curing *Balsamum* :

Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,
 Affording salve of Soveraigntie.
 My mouth I'll lay unto Thy wound
 Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground:
 For, rather than one drop shall fall
 To wast, my JESU, I'll take all.

CXXX. TO GOD. [1260.]

GOD! to my little meale and oyle,
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle:
 And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,
 Give a *wave-offring*¹ unto Thee. *

CXXXI. FREE WELCOME. [1261.]

GOD He refuseth no man; but makes way
 For All that now come, or hereafter may.

CXXXII. GODS GRACE. [1262.]

GODS Grace deserves here to be daily fed,
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

CXXXIII. COMING TO CHRIST. [1263.]

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,
 Celerity even it self is slow.

¹ Wave-offering.--Perhaps, as Mr. Pollard thinks, from the bubbling and commotion of the water. But the wave-offering was made with a joint of meat.

CXXXIV. CORRECTION. [1264.]

God had but one Son free from sin ; but none
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

CXXXV. GODS BOUNTY. [1265.]

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

CXXXVI. KNOWLEDGE. [1266.]

SCIENCE in God, is known to be
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

CXXXVII. SALUTATION. [1267.]

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th' way*;
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
Of tardidation¹ in the Lords Affaires.
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

CXXXVIII. LASCIVIOUSNESSE. [1268.]

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be
The sister to saturitie.²

¹ Tardidation = "sloth," "slackening."

² Saturity = satiety.

CXXXIX. TEARES. [1269.]

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

CXL. GODS BLESSING. [1270.]

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite*.

CXLI. GOD, AND LORD. [1271.]

GOD, is His Name of Nature; but that word
Implies His Power, *when He's call'd the LORD*.

CXLI. THE JUDGMENT-DAY. [1272.]

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He
May feare it ever for uncertaintie :
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

CXLI. ANGELS. [1273.]

ANGELS are call'd Gods; yet of them, none
Are Gods, but by *participation* :
As just Men are intitled Gods, yet none
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

CXLIV. LONG LIFE. [1274.]

THE longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

CXLV. TEARES. [1275.]

THE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,
Then all the songs of sinners are.

CXLVI. MANNA. [1276.]

THAT Manna, which God on His people cast,
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

CXLVII. REVERENCE. [1277.]

TRUE rev'rence is (as *Cassiodore*¹ doth prove)
The feare of God, comimixt with cleanly love.

CXLVIII. MERCY. [1278.]

MERCY,⁶ the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a *Deitie*.

CXLIX. WAGES. [1279.]

AFTER this life, the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

¹ Cassiodorus, politician and divine of the sixth century.

CL. TEMPTATION. [1280.]

GOD tempteth no one (as S. *Aug'stine* saith)
 For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :
 Unto temptation God exposeth some ;
 But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

CLI. GODS HANDS. [1281.]

GODS hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may
 fall
 Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

CLII. LABOUR. [1282.]

LABOUR we must, and labour hard
 I'th' *Forum* here, or *Vineyard*.

CLIII. MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDE-
GROOME. * [1283.]

THE time the Bridegroom stays from hence,
 Is but the time of penitence.

CLIV. ROARING. [1284.]

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part
 Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

CLV. THE EUCHARIST. [1285.]

He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound;
The salve for this i'th' Eucharist is found.

CLVI. SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT. [1286.]

GOD in His own Day will be then severe
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt
here.

CLVII. MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS
OF THE SCRIPTURES. [1287.]

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are (some
say)
Moses, and *Iesus*, callèd *Joshua*:
The *Prophets*, Mountains of the Old are meant;
The *Apostles*, Mounts of the *New Testament*.

CLVIII. PRAYER. [1288.]

A PRAYER, that is said alone,
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
And those great are, which ne're decay.
Pray not for silver, rust eats this;
Ask not for gold, which metall is:
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth: *such vows nere reach God's eare.*

CLIX. CHRIST'S SADNESSE. [1289.]

CHRIST was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

CLX. GOD HEARES US. [1290.]

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence;
If not to'th' sound, yet, to the sense.

CLXI. GOD. [1291.]

GOD (as the learnèd *Damascen*¹ doth write)
A Sea of Substance is, *Indefinite*.

CLXII. CLOUDS. [1292.]

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come
In clouds, descending to the publike *Doom*.

CLXIII. COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS. [1293.]

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

CLXIV. HEAVEN. [1294.]

HEAV'N is most faire; but fairer He
That made that fairest Canopie.

John of Damascus.

CLXV. GOD. [1295.]

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

CLXVI. HIS POWER. [1296.]

GOD can do all things, save but what are known
For to imply a contradiction.

CLXVII. CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY
GOD, MY GOD. [1297.]

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse
upon,
Had (as it were) a *Dereliction*;
In this regard, in those 'great terrors He
Had no one *Beame* from God's sweet Majestie.

CLXVIII. JEHOVAH. [1298.]

JEHOVAH, as *Boëtius* saith,
No number of the *Plurall* hath.

CLXIX. CONFUSION OF FACE. [1299.]

GOD then confounds man's face, when he not
hears
• The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

CLXX. ANOTHER. [1300.]

THE shame of man's face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes *Cassiodore*.)

CLXXI. BEGGARS. [1301.]

JACOB God's Beggar was; and so we wait
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

CLXXII. GOOD, AND BAD. [1302.]

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever;
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

CLXXIII. SIN. [1303.]

*Sin no existence; Nature none it hath,
Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)*

CLXXIV. MARTHA, MARTHA. [1304.]

THE repetition of the name made known
No other, then *Christ's* full Affection.

CLXXV. YOUTH, AND AGE. [1305.]

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease;
But on our Age most sweet *Indulgences*.

CLXXVI. GODS POWER. [1306.]

God is so potent, as His Power can
Draw out *of bad* a soveraigne *good* to man.

CLXXVII. PARADISE. [1307.]

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.

CLXXVIII. OBSERVATION. [1308.]

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have
read)
One part thereof left still unfinished:
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own
Citie's most sad and dire destruction.¹

CLXXIX. THE ASSE. [1309.]

God did forbid the Israelites, to bring
An Asse unto Him, for an *offering*:
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse
His detestation to all slothfulnesse

CLXXX. OBSERVATION. [1310.]

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a
teare:

¹ Dr. Grosart appositely quotes Trapp's commentary on Nehemiah, to the same effect as this, and published a few years later.

Because the Law forbad to sit and crie
 For those, who did as malefactors die.
 So she, to keep her mighty wões in awe,
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.
 Observe we may, how *Mary Joses* then,
 And th' other *Mary (Mary Magdalen)*
 Sate by the Grave; and sadly sitting there,
 Shed for their Master many a bitter teare:
 But 'twas not till their *dearest Lord* was
 dead;
 And then to weep they both were licensèd.

CLXXXI. TAPERS. [1311.]

THOSE Tapers, which we set upon the grave,
 In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have;
 That soules departed are not put out quite;
 But, as they walk't here in their *vestures*
 white,
 So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

CLXXXII. CHRIST'S BIRTH. [1312.]

ONE Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
 Was, or will be a *second* like to it.

CLXXXIII. THE VIRGIN MARY. [1313.]

To work a *wonder*, God would have her shown,
 At once, a Bud, and yet a *Rose full-blowne*.

CLXXXIY. ANOTHER. [1314.]

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming
 in,
 No crack or Schisme leave i'th' subtill skin :
 So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,
 But, in a *Mother*, kept a *maiden-head*.

CLXXXV. GOD. [1315.]

GOD, in the *holy Tongue*, they call
 The Place that filleth *All in all*.

CLXXXVI. ANOTHER OF GOD. [1316.]

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come
 Nearer to that place, then to other some :
 Of locall motion, in no least respect,
 But only by impression of effect.

CLXXXVII. ANOTHER. [1317.]

GOD is *Jehovah* cal'd ; which name of His
 Implies of *Essence*, or the *He* that Is.

CLXXXVIII. GODS PRESENCE. [1318.]

GOD's evident, and may be said to be
 Present with just men, to the veritie :
 But with the wicked if He doth comply,
 'Tis (as *S. Bernard* saith) but seemingly.

CLXXXIX. GODS DWELLING. [1319.]

God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He
 Puts down some prints of His high Majestie:
 As when to man He comes, and there doth place
 His *holy Spirit*, or doth plant His *Grace*.

CXC. THE VIRGIN MARY. [1320.]

THE *Virgin Marie* was (as I have read)
 The House of God, by *Christ* inhabited;
 Into the which He enter'd: but, the Doore
 Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

CXCI. TO GOD. [1321.]

God's undivided, *One* in *Persons Three*;
 And *Three* in *Inconfused Unity*:
Originall of Essence there is none,
 'Twixt God the *Father*, *Holy Ghost*, and *Sonne*:
 And though the *Father* be the first of *Three*,
 'Tis but by *Order*, not by *Entitie*.

CXCI. UPON WOMAN AND MARY. [1322.]

So long (it seem'd) as *Maries* Faith was small,
Christ did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call:
 But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith;
 But *Mary* cal'd then (as *S. Ambrose* saith.)

CXCI. NORTH AND SOUTH. [1323.]

THE *Jewes* their beds, and offices of ease,
 Plac'd *North* and *South*, for these cleane pur-
 poses;

That man's uncomely froth might not molest
 Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and
 West.

CXCV. SABBATHS. [1324.]

SABBATHS are threefold, (as *S. Austine* sayes :)
 The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes;
 The second is a Conscience trespass-free;
 The last the *Sabbath of Eternitie*.

CXCV. THE FAST, OR LENT. [1325.]

NOAH the first was (as Tradition sayes)
 That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

CXCVI. SIN. [1326.]

THERE is nō evill that we do commit,
 But hath th' extraction of some good from it:
 As when we sin; God, the great *Chymist*
 thence
 Drawes out th' *Elizar* of true penitence.

CXCVII. GOD. [1327.]

GOD is more here, then in another place,
 Not by his *Essence*, but commerce of *Grace*.

CXCVIII. THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.
[1328.]

God hath this world for many made; 'tis true:
But He hath made the world to come for few.

CXCIX. EASE. [1329.]

God gives to none so absolute an Ease,
As not to know, or feel some *Grievances*.

CC. BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS. [1330.]

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well;
Judas began well, but he foully fell:
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

CCI. TEMPORALL GOODS. [1331.]

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise)
commend
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends:
First, that these goods none here may o're
esteem,
Because the wicked do partake of them:
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun;
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

CCII. HELL FIRE. [1332.]

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine (as learnèd *Basil* saith.)

CCIII. ABELS BLOOD. [1333.]

SPEAK, did the Blood of *Abel* cry
 To God for vengeance; yes, say I;
 Ev'n as the sprinkled blood cal'd on
 God, for an expiation.

CCIV. ANOTHER. [1334.]

THE blood of *Abel* was a thing
 Of such a rev'rend reckoning,
 As that the old World thought it fit,
 Especially to swear by it.

CCV. A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.
[1335.]

ONE man repentant is of more esteem
 With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst
 Him.

CCVI. PENITENCE. [1336.]

THE Doctors, in the 'Talmud, say,
 That in this world, one onely day
 In true repentance spent, will be
 More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

CCVII. GOD'S PRESENCE. [1337.]

GOD's present ev'ry where; but most of all
 Present by Union *Hypocriticall*:

God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schools
say)
And nothing else is there, *where He's away.*

CCVIII. THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE, AND
PROBABLE. [1338.]

FOR each one Body, that i'th' earth is sowne,
There's an up-rising but of one for one:
But for each Graine, that in the ground is
thrown,
Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for
one:
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CCIX. CHRIST'S SUFFERING. [1339.]

JUSTLY our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us,
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

CCX. SINNERS. [1340.]

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when (the learn'd Schoolemen say)
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

CCXI. TEMPTATIONS. [1341.]

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

CCXII. PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT. [1342.]

God doth embrace the good with love; and
 gaines
 The good by^e mercy, as the bad by paines.

CCXIII. GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE.
[1343.]

God bought man here with his heart's blood
 expençe;
 And man sold God here for base *thirty pence*.

CCXIV. CHRISTS ACTION. [1344.]

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there
 His human Nature did, in part, appeare:
 Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see
 Therein some beames of His Divinitie:
 So that, in all He did, there did combine
 His Human Nature, and His Part Divine.

CCXV. PREDESTINATION. [1345.]

PREDESTINATION is the Cause alone
 Of many standing, but of fall to none.

CCXVI. ANOTHER. [1346.]

ART thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on
 To make thy faire *Predestination*:
 If thou canst change thy life, God then will
 please
 To change, or call back, His past *Sentences*.

CCXVII. SIN. [1347.]

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

CCXVIII. ANOTHER. [1348.]

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

CCXIX. ANOTHER. [1349.]

SIN is the cause of death; and sin's alone
The cause of God's *Predestination*:
And from God's *Prescience* of man's sin doth
flow
Our *Destination* to eternall woe.

CCXX. PRESCIENCE. [1350.]

God's *Prescience* makes none sinfull; but th'
offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's *Prescience*.

CCXXI. CHRIST. [1351.]

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient *Remedie*.

CCXXII. CHRIST'S INCARNATION. [1352.]

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie:
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

CCXXIII. HEAVEN. [1353.]

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here:
Yet it is given to the *Labourer*.

CCXXIV. GODS KEYES. [1354.]

GOD has *four* keyes, which He reserves alone;
The first of *Ruine*, the key of *Hell* next known:
With the third key He opes and shuts the
 wombe;
And with the *fourth* key He unlocks the tombe.

CCXXV. SIN. [1355.]

THERE'S no constraint to do amisse,
Whereas but one enforcement is.

CCXXVI. ALMES. [1356.]

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,
May chance to be no other man, but *Christ*.

CCXXVII. HELL FIRE. [1357.]

ONE onely fire has Hell ; but yet it shall
 Not after one sort, there excruciate all :
 But look, how each transgressor Onward went
 Boldly in sin, shall ¹ feel more punishment.

CCXXVIII. TO KEEP A TRUE LENT. [1358.]

1. Is this a Fast, to keep
 The Larder leane ?
 And cleane
 From fat of Veales, and Sheep ?
2. Is it to quit the dish
 Of Flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with Fish ?
3. Is it to faste an houre,
 Or rag'd to go,
 Or show
 A down-cast look, and sowre ?
4. No : 'tis a Fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry Soule .
5. It is to fast from strife, .
 From old debate,
 And hate ;
 To circuncise thy life.
6. To shew a heart grief-rent ;
 To sterve thy sin,
 Not Bin ;
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

¹ An ellipsis, unusual in H., for "and so he shall."

CCXXIX. NO TIME IN ETERNITIE. [1359.]

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

CCXXX. HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.
[1360.]

Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
Blest with the Meditation of my end :
Though they be few in number, I'm content ;
If otherwise, I stand indifferent :
Nor makes it matter, *Nestors* yeers to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.
A multitude of dayes still heaped on,
Seldome brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-
stood ;
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful
knell :
And when the night perswades me to my bed,
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried :
So shall the Blankets which come over me,
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me :
And with as firme behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,
I will believe, that then my body dies :
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
I'le have in mind my Resurrection,
Which must produce me to that *Gen'rall*
Dooome,
To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come,

To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,
Without the least hope of affection.

Teares, at that day, shall make but weakè
defence ;

When Hell and Horror fright the Conscience.

Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin

To shun the least Temptation to a sin ;

Though to be tempted be no sin, untill

Man to th' alluring object gives his will.

Such let my life assure me, when my breath

Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;

Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,

I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

CCXXXI. CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

[1361.]

THOSE Garments lasting evermore,

Are works of mercy to the poore,

Which neither Tettar,¹ Time, or Moth

Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

CCXXXII. To God. . [1362.]

COME to me God ; but do not come

To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,

In power ; or come Thou in that state,

When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,

Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,

And sullen clouds bound up his head.

No, lay thy stately terrours by,

To talke with me familiarly ;

¹ Tetter, properly a skin disease, but the transferred sense is obvious.

For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.
Speake Thou of love and I'll reply
By way of *Epithalamie*,
Or sing of *mercy*, and I'll suit
To it my Violl and my Lute:
Thus let Thy lips but love distill,
Then come my God, and hap what will.

CCXXXIII. THE SOULE. [1363.]

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,
O then, how restless do's she stray!
And having not her God for light,
How do's she erre in endlesse night!

CCXXXIV. THE JUDGEMENT-DAY. [1364.]

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,
Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

CCXXXV. SUFFERINGS. [1365.]

WE merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes; then God layes on the sufferer.

CCXXXVI. PAIN AND PLEASURE. [1366.]

GOD suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here:
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

CCXXXVII. GODS PRESENCE. [1367.]

GOD is *all-present* to whate're we do,
And as *all-present*, so *all-filling* too.

CCXXXVIII. ANOTHER. [1368.]

THAT there's a God, we all do know,
But what God is, we cannot show.

CCXXXIX. THE POORE MANS PART. [1369.]

TELL me rich man, for what intent
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?
Whenas the poore crie out, to us
Belongs all gold superfluous.

CCXL. THE RIGHT 'HAND. [1370.]

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

CCXLI. THE STAFFE AND ROD [1371.]

Two instruments belong unto our God;
The one a *Staffe* is, and the next a *Rod*:
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to
smart,
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

CCXLII. GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING. [1372.]

GOD still rewards us more then our desert :
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

CCXLIII. CONFESSION. [1373.]

CONFESSION twofold is (as *Austine* sayes)
The first of *sin* is, and the next of *praise* :
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerful-
nesse.

CCXLIV. GODS DESCENT. [1374.]

GOD is then said for to descend, when He
Do'th, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;
As when, in humane nature He works more
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

CCXLV. NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.
[1375.]

Good and great God! how sho'd I feare
To come to Thee, if *Christ* not there !
Co'd I but think, He would not be
Present, to plead my cause for me ;
To Hell I'd rather run, then I
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

CCXLVI. ANOTHER, TO GOD. [1376.]

THOUGH Thou beest all that *Active Love*,
 Which heats those ravisht Soules above;
 And though all joyes spring from the glance
 Of Thy most winning countenance;
 Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me;
 If through my *Christ* I saw not Thee.

CCXLVII. THE RESURRECTION.' [1377.]

THAT *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* saith;
 But that He rose, that's *Christians'* Faith.

CCXLVIII. COHEIRES. [1378.]

We are Coheires with Christ; nor shall His own
Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption:
 The number here of Heires, shall from the state
 Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

CCXLIX. THE NUMBER OF TWO. [1379.]

GOD hates the *Duall Number*; being known
 The lucklesse number of division:
 And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon
 He did His *curious operation*;
 'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)
 God blest His work done on the *second day*:
 Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
 Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

CCL. HARDNING OF HEARTS. [1380.]

God's said our hearts to harden then,
Whens His grace not supples men.

CCLI. THE ROSE. . [1381.]

BEFORE Man's fall, the Rose was born,
(S. *Ambrose* says) without the Thorn:
But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,
Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born;
But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

CCLII. GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.
[1382.]

God doth not promise here to man, that He
Will free him quickly from his miserie;
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
Then He will give a happy end to it.

CCLIII. BAPTISME. [1383.]

THE strength of *Baptisme*, that's within;
It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

CCLIV. GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE. [1384.]

Gold serves for Tribute to the King;
The *Frankincense* for Gods Offring.

CCLV. To God. [1385.]

God, who me gives a will for to repent;
Will add a power, to keep me innocent;
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,
When I have done true Penance here for it.

CCLVI. THE CHEWING THE CUD. [1386.]

WHEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,
We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud*:
But when good words, by good work^s, have
 their proof,
We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the
 Hoof.

CCLVII. CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING. [1387.]

THY former coming was to cure
My soule's most desp'rate *Calenture*;
Thy second *Advent*, that must be
To heale my Earth's infirmitie.

CCLVIII. To God, HIS GIFT. [1388.]

As my little Pot doth boyle,
We will keep this *Levell-Coyle*;
That a *Wave*, and I will bring
To my God, a *Heave-offering*.

CCLIX. GODS ANGER. [1389.]

GOD can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude,
 Wrathfull He may be, by similitude:
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do
 That without *wrath*, which wrath doth *force*
us to.

CCLX. GODS COMMANDS. [1390.]

IN God's commands, ne're ask the reason why;
 Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.

CCLXI. TO GOD. [1391.]

IF I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here
 Fail'd in my part; Oh! Thou that art my *deare*,
 My *mild*, my *loving Tutor*, *Lord and God*!
 Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.
 I know, that faults will many here be found,
 But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

CCLXII. TO GOD. [1392.]

THE work is done; now let my *Lawrell* be
 Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me:
 That done, with Honour Thou dost me create
 Thy *Poet*, and Thy *Prophet Lawreat*.

CCLXIII. GOOD FRIDAY: REX TRAGICUS, OR
CHRIST GOING TO HIS CROSSE. [1898.]

Put off Thy Robe of *Purple*, then go on
To the sad place of execution :
Thine houre is come ; and the Tormentor stands
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd Multitude
Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time
 crie,

How He deferres, how loath He is to die !
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his
 speare,

And that sowre Fellow, with his *vineger*,
His *sponge*, and *stick*, do ask why Thou dost
 stay ?

So do the *Skurfe* and *Bran*¹ too : Go Thy way,
Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.
Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,
But like a Person of some high account :
The *Crosse* shall be Thy *Stage* ; and Thou shalt
 there

The spacious field have for Thy *Theater*.
Thou art that *Roscus*, and that markt-out man,
That must this day act the Tragedian,
To wonder and affrightment : Thou art He,
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see ;
Not those poor Theeves that act their parts
 with Thee :

Those act without regard, when once a *King*,
And *God*, as Thou art, comes to suffering.

¹ Scurf and Bran, of the people ; as we more commonly say, "scum."

No, No, this *Scene* from Thee takes life and
sense,

And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.

Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy
Throne,

And thence proceed to act Thy Passion

To such an height, to such a period rais'd,

As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand
amaz'd.

God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so
blesse

Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse:

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,

May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie
Thee.

And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep
The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep;

And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead;

That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

CCLXIV. HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO
THE CROSSE. [1394.]

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.

Let their example not a pattern be

For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

CCLXV. ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR. [1395.]

If Thou beest taken, *God* forbid,

I flie from Thee, as others did:

But if Thou wilt so honour me,

As to accept my companie,
 I'le follow Thee, hap hap what shall,
 Both to the *Judge*, and *Judgment-Hall*:
 And, if I see Thee posted there,
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
 I'le take my share; or els, my God, .
 Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the *Rod*.

CCLXVI. HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO
 THE CROSSE. [1396.]

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,
 Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruise'd, and broke, and one
 Who suffers not here for mine own,
 But for my friends *transgression*!

Ah! *Sion's Daughters*, do not feare
 The *Crosse*, the *Cords*, the *Nails*, the *Speare*,
 The *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*, the *Vineger*,

For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath
 Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath;
 Onely, there's left a little froth, .

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,
 What bitter cups had been your due,
 Had He not drank them up for *you*.

CCLXVII. HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE
CROSSE. [1397.]

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,
With one, and all parts, full of pain :
When I Thy gentle heart do see
Pierc'd through, and dropping bloud,
for me,
I'll call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soule, to
think,
That for my sin, 'Thou, Thou must
drink,
Even Thou alone, the *bitter cup*
Of *furie*, and of *vengeance* up.

Chor. Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all
The *Vineger*, the *Myrrhe*, the *Gall* :

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine ;
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is*
mine.

*This Crosse-Tree here
Doth JESUS beare,
Who sweet'ned first,
The Death accurs't.*

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;
For long this work will be, & very short this Day.
Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;
Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,
Bloud will be spilt;
Pure Balm, that shall
Bring Health to All.
Why then, Begin
To powre first in
Some Drops of Wine,
In stead of Brine,
To search the Wound,
So long unsound:
And, when that's done,
Let Oyle, next, run,
To cure the Sore
Sinne made before.
And O! Deare Christ,
E'en as Thou di'st,
Look down, and see
Us weepe for Thee.
And tho (Love knows)
Thy dreadfull Woes
Wee cannot ease;
Yet doe Thou please,
Who Mercie art,
T'accept each Heart,
That gladly would
Helpe, if it could.
Meane while, let mee,
Beneath this Tree
This Honour have,
'To make my grave.

CCLXVIII. TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHER: HIS
DEVOTION. [1398.]

HAILE holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,
By no ill haunted; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,
Thy Doore, as I do enter in:
For I have washt both hand and heart,
This, that, and ev'ry other part;
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,
Then full affection, enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone
With^a a warm lip, and solemne one:
And as I kisse, I'le here and there
Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.
How sweet this place is! as from'hence
Flow'd all *Panchaia's* Frankincense;
Or rich *Arabia* did commix,
Here, all her rare *Aromaticks*.
Let me live ever here, and stir
No one step from this *Sepulcher*.
Ravisht I am! and down I lie,
Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.
Here let me rest; and let me have
This for my *Heaven*, that was Thy *Grave*:
And, coveting no higher sphere,
I'le my Eternitie spend here.

CCLXIX. HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT
THE SEPULCHER. [1399.]

To joyn with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher;
Devotion bids me hither bring

Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.
 Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,
 To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

CCLXX. HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.
 [1400.]

HENCE they have born my Lord; Behold! the
 Stone
 Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
 Tell me, white Angell, what is now become
 Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?
 Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
 To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?
 If so, I'll thither follow, without feare,
 And live in Hell, if that my *Christ* stayes there,

CCLXXI. [1401.]

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,
 God is the APXH, and the TEAOΣ too.

APPENDIX.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO HERRICK, BUT NOT
PUBLISHED IN "HESPERIDES."

PREFATORY NOTE TO APPENDIX POEMS.

THE poems here printed as an appendix were recovered and collated in their various forms from the books, monuments, or MSS. where they occur, by the successive diligence of Mr. Hazlitt, Dr. Grosart, and Mr. Pollard. To the first-named belongs the credit of first printing, or reprinting, them; to the second, that of pointing out that the large number of sixty-two pieces included in the "*Hesperides*" occur in the Poetical Miscellany called "*Wit's Recreations*"; and to the third, the very important correction that these poems, though "*Wit's Recreations*" first appeared in 1640, eight years *before* the "*Hesperides*," were not included in it till the edition of 1650, two years *after* Herrick's authorized versions were published. The variations of text are considerable, but become of little interest now that it is tolerably certain that they must represent either imperfect or, at any rate, not final copies. As for the matter which follows, it also is subject to the drawback that, though in all but one instance it was pretty certainly written before the "*Hesperides*" appeared, it must have been, for this reason or that, deliberately excluded by the poet. Indeed, I am by no means sure that I should have given it a place here if I had not (as in the case of the Variants printed at the end of vol. i.) thought that its absence might seem to some to make the edition comparatively imperfect. The poems are not unworthy of Herrick, and, in a few places, have some biographical interest; but they add nothing to our idea of his poetical faculty, and they were clearly not intended by him for republication in their present form.

Their origin was as follows:—i. occurs in "*Wit's Recreations*," and, with some thirty additional lines, in Ashmole MS. 38; ii. in the same MS.; iii. in the same MS. and in another in the British Museum; iv. in Ashmole MS. 36, 298; v. in a British Museum MS. (Add. 11, 811); vi. in Brit. Mus. Harl. 6917; vii. in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works (1647); viii. in "*Lachrymæ Musarum*," the somewhat famous *tombeau* on young Lord Hastings (1649); and ix. on a monument in Dean Prior Church, from which Dr. Grosart first copied and printed it. Some variants necessarily occur in those poems which exist in print and MS., or in more MSS. than one; but none seems to require notice except that both MSS. in iii. read "guess," which editors have corrected to "kiss"; and that earlier in the same poem "number of nine" has the variant "wine." The fullest or Ashmole version is given of Number i. It may be guessed that, in line 68, "permanent" should be "firmament."

APPENDIX.

*Poems attributed to Herrick, but not published in
"Hesperides."*

i. THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN. [1402.]

WHOSE head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses,
Shews like *Apolloes*, when the morn he dresses :
Or like *Aurora* when with Pearle she sets
Her long dishevel'd Rose-crown'd Trammets :
Her forehead smooth, full polish'd, bright and high,
Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty ;
Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine
Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine :
Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with fair fringd Canopies.
Her comely nose with uniformall grace,
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,
Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,
Each cheek resembling still a damaske Rose :
Which like a Garden manifestlye shew
How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe ;
Which sweetly mixèd both with white and red,
Like Rose leaves, white and redd, seem minglèd.
Then nature, for a sweet allurement sets
Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherrylets ;
The which with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,
Do speake a Virgin, merry, Cherry-lip'd.
Over the which a neate sweet skin is drawne,
Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne ;
These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,
Which ope themselues, to shew a holy shrine,
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense
Smells like the burn'd *Sabea* Frankinsense ;
In which the tongue, though but a member small,

Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall ;
 And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,
 Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
 Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive
 For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative ;
 At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows
 The fairest image of a blushing rose ;
 Mou'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,
 That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss.
 Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
 On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd :
 Mouing a question, whether that by them,
 The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
 But the foundation of the Architect
 Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,
 Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,
 Bearing aloft this rich round world of wonder.
 In which the veynes, implanted, seeme to lye
 Lyke louing vines hidde vnder iuorie ;
 So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine
 May see itt sprout forth streames lyke Muskadine.
 Her breast, a place for beauties throne most fit,
 Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sitt ;
 Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show
 Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,
 And in the milky valley that's between,
 Sits *Cupid*, kissing of his mother Queen :
 If fingering the papps that feeble like slenèd silke,
 And prest a little, thay will weep pewr milke. ^a
 Then comes the belly, seated next below,
 Like a faire mountain of *Ripicane* snows ;
 Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,
 Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knott ;
 Or else that she in that white waxen hill
 Hath seald the primrose of her vttmost skill ;
 But now my muse hath spied a darke descent
 Ffrom this soe pretious pearly permanent,
 A milkye highe-way that direction yelds
 Vnto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds :
 A place desired of all, but gott by these
 Whom lone admitts to the Hesperides ;
 Hers, goulden fruite, that doth excede all price

Growing in this Loue-guarded parradice;
 Aboue the entrance, theire is wrighten this,
This is the portail to the bower of blisse,
 Through mid'st^e whearof, a christall streame there
 flowes

Passing the sweets-sweete of a muskie rose.
 Now Loue invites me to survey hur thighes,
 Swelling in likenesse like to Crystall skyes,
 With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,
 Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline.
 Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke
 Jnto y^e middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,
 Which for the better bewtifying shrowds
 Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes;
 Which to the knees by nature fastned on,
 Deriue their ever well 'greed motion.
 Her legs with two clear calves, like silner try'd,
 Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride,
 Leaving a distance for the cōmely small
 To beautifiē the leg and foot withall.
 Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,
 Round, short and clear, lyke pounded Spices sweet;
 And whatsoever thing they tread upon
 They make it scent like bruised Cinnamon. .
 The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,
 To see two Tablets of pure ivorie:
 From which two arms like branches seem to spread,
 With tender vein'd and siluer colourèd;
 With little hands and fingers long and small,
 To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.
 In length each finger doth his next excell,
 Each richly headed with a pearly shell;
 Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous borne
 That armes the forehead of the unicorne.
 Thus euery parte in contrariety
 Meet in the whole and make an harmony;
 As divers strings do singly disagree,
 But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie.
 Vnto the jdoll of the worke deuize
 J consecrate this louing life of myne,
 Bowing my lipps vnto that stately roote
 Wheare bewtye springs; and thus j kiss (her) foote.

ii. MR. HERICKE HIS DAUGHTERS DOWRYE. [1408.]

ERE J goe hence and bee noe more
 Seene to the world, J'le giue the skore
 J owe vnto a female child,
 And that is this, a uerse jnstylde
 My daughters dowrye; haueing which,
 J'le leaue the then compleatly riche;
 Insteade of gould, pearle, rubies, bonds,
 Longe forsaite pawned diamonds,
 Or antique pledges, house or lande;
 J giue thee this that shall withstande
 The blow of ruine and of chance:
 Theis hurte not thyne jnheritance,
 For 'tis ffee simple, and noe rent
 Thou fortune ow'st for tenement;
 Howeuer after tymes will praise,
 This portion, my prophétique bayes,
 Cannot deliuer vpp to th' rust,
 Yet J keepe peacefull in my dust.
 As for thy birth, and better seeds
 (Those which must growe to vertuous deeds:
 Thou didst deriue from that old'steem
 Loue and Mercie, cherish them),
 Which, like a vestall virgine ply
 With holye fier, least that itt dye.
 Growe vpp with mylder lawes to knowe
 Att what tyme to say I or noe;
 Lett manners teach thee wbeare to bee
 More comely flowing, where les ffee:
 Theis bringe thy husband, like to those
 Old coyne and meddalls wee expose
 To th' shew, but neuer part with; next
 As in a more conspicuous text,
 (Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd
 The mayden candour of thy mynde;
 And vnder it two chast-born spyas
 To barr our bolde adulteries:
 Ffor through these optickes, fly the darter
 Of lust, which sette on fier our hartes.
 On eyther side of theis, quicke eares

Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares,
 Which sweeten loue, yett ne're come nighe
 The plague of wilder jelousie.
 Then lett each cheekes of thyne, intice
 His soule as to a bedd of spice;
 Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence
 As in a bedd of frankensence :
 A lipp jnkyndled with that coale,
 With which Loue chafes and warms the soule
 Bringe to hym next, and in it shew
 Loues cherries; from such fyers growe,
 And haue their haruest, which must stand
 The gathering of the lipp, not hand;
 Then vnto theis, bee it thy care
 To cloath thy words in gentle ayre,
 That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane
 As the childish bloome of beane,
 They may fall downe and stroake (as the
 Beames of the sunn the gracefull sea) :
 With handes as smooth as mercies, bring
 Hym for his better cherrishing.
 That when thou doest his necke jnsnare,
 Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,
 Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye
 Bondage more loued then lybertye;
 A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,
 To calme and tempest, lett bee brought
 With thee, that should hee but jnclyne
 To roughnes, claspe hym lyke a vine;
 Or lyke as woole meetes steele, giue way
 Vnto the passion, not to stay;
 Wrath yf resisted ouer-boyles,
 Jff not, it dyes, or eles recoyles;
 And lastly, see you bring to hym,
 Semewhat peculiar to each lymm;
 And j charge thee to bee knowne
 By n' other face, but by thyne owne.
 Lett itt (in Loues name) bee kept sleeke
 Yett to bee found when hee shall seeke
 It, and not jnstead of [to] saint,
 Giue vpp his worth vnto the painte;
 Ffor (trust me girle) shee ouer-does

Who by a double proxie woes :
 But least j should forgett his bedd,
 Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,
 That is a Margarite, which lost,
 Thou bring'st vnto his bedd a frost
 Or a colde poyson, which his blood
 Benummes like the forgettfull flood
 Now for some jewells to supplye
 The wante of eare-rings brauerye,
 Ffor publike eyes ; take onlye theis,
 Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas ;
 Theyre nobly-home-bred, yett haue price
 Beyound the fare-fetch marchandize.
 Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shey
 Distance, and sweet vrbانيتie :
 Safe modestie, lou'd patience, feare
 Of offending, temperance, deare
 Constancie, bashfullnes, and all
 The vertues lesse, 'or cardinall,
 Take with my blessinge ; and goe forth
 Injewelld with thy native worthe.
 And now yf ther a man bee founde,
 That lookes for such prepared grownd,
 Lett hym, but with indifferent skill,
 Soe good a soile bee-stooke and till ;
 Hee may ere longe hane such a wyte,
 Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

iii. MR. ROBERT HERICKE HIS FARWELL VNTO
 POETRIE. [1404.]

I HAUE behelde two louers, in a night
 Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen
 delight,—
 When this to that, and that to this, had giuen
 A kisse to such a jewell of the heuen :
 Or while that each from other's breath did drinke
 Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—
 Call'd on the suddayne by the jealous mother,
 Some strickter Mrs. or suspicious other,

Vrging dinorcement (woorse then death to theis)
 By the soone gingling of some sleepy keyes
 Parte with a hastye kisse; and in that shew
 How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.
 Euen such are wee: and in our parting, doe
 Noe otherwise then as those former two;
 Natures like ours, wee who haue spent our tyme
 Both from the morning to the euening chyme;
 Nay, till the bell-man of the night had tould
 Past noone of night, yett weare the howers not old;
 Nor dull'd with yron sleeps, but haue out-worne
 The fresh and fayrest flourish of the morne
 With flame, and rapture; drincking to the ode
 Number of wyne, which makes vs full with God,
 And yn that misticke frenzie, wee haue hurl'de,
 (As with a tempeste) nature through the worlde,
 And yn a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast
 Att that which in her extasie had past;
 Thus crownd with rose-budds, sacke, thou mad'st
 mee flye

Like fier-drakes, yett didst me no harme therby.
 O thou allmightye nature, who did'st giue
 True heate, whearwith humanitie doth liue
 Beyond its stinted circle; giueing foode
 White fame, and resurrection to the good;
 Soaring them vpp, bone ruyne, till the doome
 The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come,
 That makes all equall. Manye thowsands should
 (Wert not for thee) haue crumbled ynto mould,
 And with thayr ceareclothes rotted, not to shew
 Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,
 Whearas by thee, those, and a million since,
 Nor fate, nor enuye, cann theyr fames conuince.
 Homer, Musæus, Ouid, Maro, more,
 Of those god-full prophetts longe before
 Helde there eternall fiers; and ours of late
 (Thy mercie helping) shall resist stronge fate,
 Nor stoope to th' center, but suruiue as longe
 As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue;
 But vnto mee, bee onely hoarse, since now
 (Heauen and my soule beare record of my vowe)
 I, my desires screw from thee, and directe

Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respects
 And conscience vnto priesthood ; tis not need
 (The skarcrow vnto mankinde) that doth breed
 Wisser conclusions in mee, since I knowe
 I've more to beare my chardges, ther way to goe ;
 Or had I not, I'de stopp the spreading itch
 Off craueing more : soe yn conceipt be ritch ;
 But tis the god of nature who yntends,
 And shaps my function for more glorious ends :
 Kisse, soe departe ; yett stay awhile to see
 The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee
 Yn speach, in picture ; noe otherwise then when,
 (Judgment and death, denounc'd gainst guiltymen),
 Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde
 With joyes before, and pleasures left behind :
 Shakeing the head, whilst each to each dothe
 mourne
 With thought thay 'goe, whence thay must ner
 returne.

Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell
 Cast, leading his Euredice through hell,
 I stricke thy loues, and greedyly persue
 Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.
 Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent
 Ffroms natue cuntrye, into banishment,
 Throwing his eye-balls backward to suruaye
 The smoake of his belouèd Attica :
 Soe Tullye look't, when from the brooks of Ror e
 The sad soule went, not with his loue, but doome :
 Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise
 Yt, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.
 Such is my parting with thee ; and to proue
 Ther was not varnish (only) in my loue,
 But substance, lo ! receaue this pearlye teare
 Ffrozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,
 Then parte in name of peace ; and softly on
 With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon ;
 And when thou 'art vppon that sacred hill
 Amongest the thrice three sacred virgins, fill
 A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,
 And quafe it to the prophets of our age ;
 When drunck with raptur, curse the blind and lame

Base ballad-mongers, who vsurpe thy name
 And fowle thy altar ; charme some ynto froggs,
 Some to bee rapts, and others to bee hoggs ;
 Ynto the loathsoms ['t] shapps thou canst deuise
 To make ffooles hate them, onely by disguise ;
 Thus with a kisse of warmth, and loue, I parte
 Not soe, but that some relique yn my harte
 Shall stand for euer, though I doe addresse
 Chiefelye my selfe to what I must profess :
 Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diuiner muse
 Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will vse),
 Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte vppon her,
 Though as a seruant, yet a mayde of honor.
 The crowne of dutye is our dutye : well
 Doing's, the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

iv. A CHARROLL PRESENTED TO DR. WILLIAMS, BP.
 OF LINCOLNE, AS A NEWYEARS GUIFT. [1405.]

Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember
 Past sorrowes with the fled December,
 But let each plesant cheeke appeare
 Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,
 And sing a carroll here. .
 'Twas, braue, 'twas braue could we comand the
 hand
 Of Youths swift watch to stand
 As you haue done your day,
 Then should we not decay,
 But all we wither, & our light
 Is spilt in euerlasting night,
 When as your sight
 Shewes like the heavens about y^e moone
 Like an eternall noone,
 That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe vp those flames, & though you shroud
 Awhile your forehead in a cloude,
 Doe it like the sun to write

I'th ayre, a greater text of light ;
 Welcome to all our voweſ,
 And ſince you pay
 To vs the day
 Soe longe deſir'd,
 See we haue fyr'd
 Our holy ſpicknard, and ther's non^e
 But brings his ſtick of cynamon,
 His eager eye, or ſmoother ſmyle ;
 And layes it gently on the pyle,
 Which thus enkindled, we invoke
 Your name amidſt the ſacred ſmoke.

Chorus. Come then, greate Lord,
 And ſee our Alter burne
 With love of your returne,
 And not a man here but conſumes
 His ſoule to glad'you in perfumes.

v. SONG. HIS MISTRIſ TO HIM AT HIS FARWELL.
 [1406.]

You may vow Ile not forgett
 To pay the debt,
 Which to thy Memorie ſtands as due
 As faith can ſeale It you^t
 Take then tribute of my teares,
 So long as I haue feares
 To prompt mee, I ſhall euer
 Languish and looke, but thy returne ſee neuer :
 Oh then to leſſen my diſpaire,
 Print thy lips Into the ayre,
 So by this
 Meanes, I may kiſſe thy kiſſe,
 whenas ſome kinde
 winde
 ſhall hither waft it ; and In leiw,
 My lipps ſhall ſend a 1000 back to you.

vi. VPON PARTING. [1407.]

Goe hence away, and in thy parting know
 'tis not my voice, but heuens that bidds thee goe;
 Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart
 I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.
 But voice of fame, and voice of heauen haue thunderd
 we both were lost, if both of us not sunderd :
 fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare
 one Sighe of loue, and coole it with a teare :
 since part we must, let's kisse ; that done, retire
 with as cold frost, as erst we mett with fire ;
 with such white vowes as fate can nere dissever
 but truth knitt fast ; and so farewell for euer.

vii. UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE
PLAYES. [1408.]

APOLLO sings, his harpe resounds : give roome,
 For now behold the golden Pompe is come,
 Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to see,
 With admiration both of them and thee.
 O Volume worthy, leafe by leafe, and cover,
 To be with iuice of Cedar wash't all over ;
 Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes
 consent,
 To raise an Act to full astonishment ;
 Here melting numbers, words of power to move
 Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for love.
Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne, there
 Swells with great rage, yet comely every where ;
 Here's a *mad lover*, there that high designe
 Of *King and no King*, (and the rare Plott thine.)
 So that whene're wee circumsolve our Eyes,
 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varietyes,
 Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see
 None writes lov's passion in the world, like thee.

viii. THE NEW CHARON,
UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS.
[1409.]

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

The Speakers,

Charon and Eucosmeia.

Euc. CHARON, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore,
And to thy many, take in one soul more.

Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One over-
whelm'd with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or Youth,
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.

Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds
A breath of Balm along th' *Elizean* fields.
Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One once that
had a lover,

Then which, thyself ne'er wafted sweeter over.
He was—— *Cha.* Say what. *Euc.* Ay me,
my woes are deep.

Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

Euc. He was an *Hastings*; and that one Name has
In it all good, that is, and ever was.

He was my Life, my Love, my Joy; but di'd
Some hours before I shou'd have been his
Bride.

Chorus. Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,
For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.

Euc. The hallowed Tapers all prepar'd were,
And Hymen call'd to bless the Rites. *Cha.*
Stop there.

Euc. Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great 'must
that Grief be,

That makes grim *Charon* thus to pity thee.
But now, come in. *Euc.* More let me yet
relate.

Cha. I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,
And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus
much know,

Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls
go.

Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drencht in
pleasures stream,
The Fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them ;
Where, drest with garlands, there they walk
the ground,
Whose blessèd Youth with endless flow'rs is
crown'd.
But such as have been drown'd in this wilde
sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatè ;
Where, with their own contagion they are fed ;
And there do punish, and are punishèd.
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
When on the Flood that nine times circles
Hell.

Chorus. *We sail along, to visit mortals never ;
But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.*

ix. EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF SIR EDWARD GILES
& HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF DEAN
PRIOR CHURCH, DEVON. [1410.]

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men ;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent ;
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.
What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-stones
Pay ?

But here's the Sun-set of a Tedious day :
These Two asleep are : I'll but be Vndrest
And so to Bed : Pray wish us all Good Rest.

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